

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

22nd Year. No. 18.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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THOMAS H. LUMBER,
Commissioner.

Price 5 Cents.

Elijah's Triumph of Faith.

A life of lonely, strenuous toil, wherein the tests of faith were multiplied with ever varying circumstances was that of the rugged fiery man of God—Elijah.

To idolatrous and sensual Ahab, and his still more guilty wife, he was a continual menace of foreboding judgment.

To the Israelites themselves, he stood as the one God-man who made their cause his own, ever pleading for righteousness, while faithfully striving to restore them to their covenant.

At his word of prophecy, the heavens withheld their gracious showers of both dew and rain throughout the land, for three and a half years, for a witness against Ahab's and the nation's idolatry. But the just suffered with the unjust, and to Elijah himself the water famine meant utter isolation.

In a new sense God chose to show the world that He is able to sustain His own loyal ones from unknown resources. Elijah, by the brook Cherith, both ate and drank daily what was needful, while he "stood before God" as an intercessor. But "the word of the Lord came unto him," bidding him arise and become chargeable for sustenance upon a certain widow in far distant Zidon.

Immediately he obeyed. Of the heart-struggle it cost him, of the crucifixion of innate independence so vividly apparent in his strong character, of the final yielding and sacrifice of himself, we have no word-picture. Sacred between Elijah and his God passed the ordeal.

The widow was gathering sticks to prepare her last meal for her boy and self—for there was but a handful of meal and a little oil left ere life's supply would be exhausted.

"Fear not," said Elijah to her, "make me thereof a little cake first . . . and after make for thee and thy son."

Did the words seem selfish and inconsiderate? If so, the assurance which followed: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruise of oil fail," provoked her faith and obedience, and she proved God to be as good as His word.

But a further test came to this woman. She had proved her willingness to offer her sacrifice first unto the Lord at the risk of personal loss, but now the hand of God pressed her down and the darling of her heart died in her arms. Then came that moment of almost wild frenzy, when bitterness surged over her soul with the memory of past sin, and the enemy toully suggested it was the man of God's fault—at least he could have prevented it.

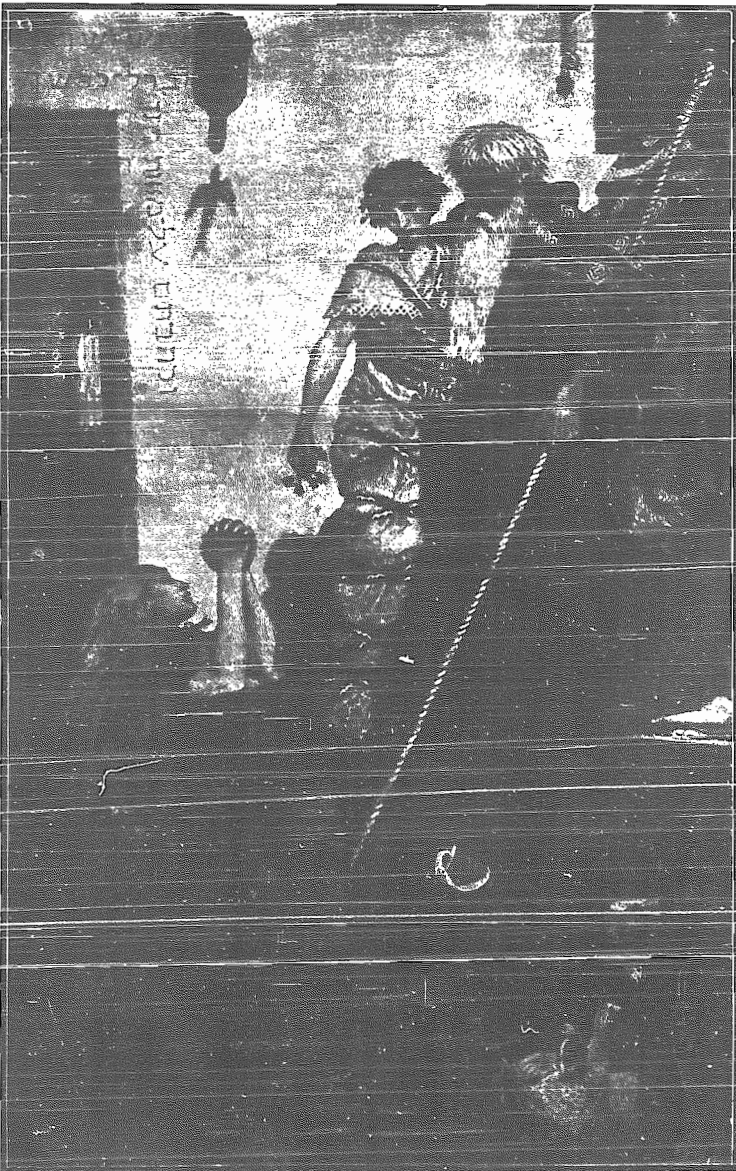
Elijah did not argue the point. His faith could not afford to waver at this crucial moment, nor would he tarry to question "Why?" Laying the boy tenderly upon his own bed in the little loft chamber, he cried unto the Lord, and as he cried, seemed to actually wrest the blessing of restored life from God's almighty hands with a faith which refused to be denied.

The Apostle, in Hebrews' picture gallery, reveals the other side of its lesson to us—

"Through faith . . . women received their dead raised to life again."

So to-day God calls us mothers, fathers, who dare to believe in His promises, to carry the dead-in-sins to Him; never to bury hope

or faith, but claim in absolute assurance, even earth's lost sons and daughters for Him, that, like the returned prodigal, they, being dead, may be brought to life again; being lost, yet may be found.



Elijah and the Widow's Son.

DO YOU BELIEVE THE DEVIL IS DEAD?

(Reprinted by Request.)

Men don't believe in a devil now,
As their fathers used to do;
They forced the door of the broadest creed
To let his Majesty through.

There isn't a print of his cloven foot,
Or a fiery dart from his brow,
To be found on earth or air to-day,
For the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught
That pales heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year
With ten hundred thousand slain?

Who blights the bloom of the land to-day
With the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't and never was?
Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint,
And digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time
Wherever God sows His wheat?

The devil is voted not to be,
And of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work
The devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go around
Like a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible
For this everlasting row?

To be heard in home and church and state
To the world's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote,
Is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith,
And make his bow, and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day
Spring up? We want to know.

The devil was fairly voted out,
And, of course, the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know
Who carries his business on?

Touched by a Picture Post Card.

Amongst a few picture post cards I bought,
One had a picture of a Salvation Army lassie,
In full uniform, presenting a basket of good
things for Christmas cheer to a poor woman.

In sending it, I wrote underneath, "The Lord
loveth a cheerful giver." I took it over and
showed it to one of the clerks, and a little
while after I was sitting at my desk, he came
over and handed me a cheque for five dollars
to help our work along, and said to me, "That
is what your card did." And I would say to
all who read this, "Go thou and do likewise."
—David Cusick, Salvation Army Soldier,
Quebec.

The Touch of Faith.

It was a holiness meeting, and the people
sang, "Oh, touch me again, Lord."

Up rose an old soldier of the corps, touched
with the remembrance of a recent event and
longing to relate it for the benefit of other
souls.

"I think," he said, "that we not only want
God to touch us, but we want to touch Him,
and when we do so we shall know it."

"I drive a team, and as I was going over a
bridge one day I heard someone call out:
'Stop! there's a live wire down.' I pulled up
just in time, but a teamster behind me, heed-
less of the warning, drove on. All of a sudden
down went his team. One of the horses had
stepped on the live wire, and it killed him out-
right, while the other lay kicking on the
ground. I at once ran to render what assist-
ance I could, and thought to disentangle the
uninjured horse by removing the traces."

"As I took hold of the trace I touched the
metal part of the harness and at once received
an electric shock."

"Now I knew when I touched it, because
of the thrill it sent through me. So, friends,
when we touch God we know it, because of
the glory that thrills our soul."

"Touch Him just now by faith, and the
life-giving Spirit of truth will illumine your
darkened soul, and the burning Spirit of love

will give you the power and energy that will
fit you for the fight."

How is it with your soul, reader? Do you
see in the daily occurrences of life the beau-
tiful lessons that God would teach. If so, life
would not be a mere monotonous round of
routine duties, but full each day of throbbing
events—full of life, full of interest. Then
God would enable you to use even the ordi-
nary happenings of your life as illustrations
of His ways in dealing with human souls.

An Australian Trophy.

The Notorious "Poll Cott," Who has Against
Her 257 Convictions in the Records of
the Police, Dies After Being a Sol-
dier for Twenty Years.

"Poll Cott"—who has been described as
the most notorious sinner ever brought into
the light of the Gospel in Australia—is in
heaven.

Forty years of her life were spent in and out
of prison. She was convicted of various of-
fences no less than 257 times, yet during the
past twenty years "Poll" was a loyal and
faithful Salvationist, believed in and loved by
all who knew her. Her name was a house-
hold word in every Salvation home through-
out Australia.

While still in her teens, Mary Maguire, a
reckless Irish girl, was transported to Aus-
tralia for a trifling offence. By permission of
the Governor, she married a settler named
Cott, and became a worthy wife and mother.
Upon the death of her only child, Mary took
to drink, and charged the doctor, who had
attended her little one, with murder. She was
sued for defamation of character, and, with a
conviction, received three months' imprison-
ment.

Upon her release Mary wreaked her ven-
geance upon the doctor personally, and well-
nigh demolished his surgery. It took six
policemen to arrest and lock her up.

From that day forward for forty-one years
Mary, otherwise "Poll," set the world at de-
fiance, and lived the most lawless of lives.
Chiefly for drunkenness and assaulting the
police, she received no fewer than 257 con-
victions. She was converted twenty years
ago, under the kindly efforts of Adj. and
Mrs. Ruinde.

"Poll Cott's" last words were character-
istic: "Twenty years in the Army! Never
broke out, and never disgraced the Army!"

Alcohol and the Mind.

"Alcohol and the Mind" is the title of a
capital article by Dr. R. Ernest. He shows
how "alcohol interferes with the higher cen-
tres of the brain, in disturbing such ideas as
love and joy; how it tends to lessen the con-
trolling action of the lesser thoughts; how
it tends to corrupt truth." Having dealt with
these matters, Dr. Ernest concludes: "I have
mentioned quite enough to show the truth of
our contention with regard to alcohol, that it
is a poison both to the body and mind, and
that its poisonous influence on the mind is
obvious even in small doses. And if we follow
the life history of those who consume the
drug in large quantities, we find them frequent
visitors to the hospitals, the family physician,
or the consultant; till finally we lose sight of
them by their disappearance into either the
asylum or the prison; or—more fortunate for
them and theirs—into the respite and oblivion
of death."

"When thou prayest, rather let thy heart
be without words than thy word without
heart. Prayer will make a man cease from
sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from
prayer. The spirit of prayer is more precious
than treasures of gold or silver. Pray often,
for prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to
God, and a scourge to Satan."—John Bun-
yan.

The Praying League.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Secretary.
BIBLE LESSONS FOR PRAYING LEAGUE
MEMBERS.

Sunday, Feb. 4.—A Prophet of the Devil.—Jer. xxviii.
1-17.
Monday, Feb. 5.—A Good Time Coming.—Jer. xxix.
1-32.
Tuesday, Feb. 6.—Cast off, but Not Forgotten.—Jer.
xxxii. 18-40.
Wednesday, Feb. 7.—God's Two Families.—Jer. xxxiii.
1-26.
Thursday, Feb. 8.—Keeping the Pledge.—Jer. xxxv.
1-19.
Friday, Feb. 9.—A Fool's Courage.—Jer. xxxvi. 1-32.
Saturday, Feb. 10.—Jeremiah's Dungeon.—Jer. xxxvii.
1-21.

Remarkable Answers to Prayer.

We shall be glad to hear from any of our
readers who have had remarkable answers to
prayer. The record of these will prove help-
ful and stimulating to our dear friends, and
will redound to the glory of God. Address
any communications on this subject to the
Praying League Secretary, S. A. Headquar-
ters, Albert St., Toronto.

Present-Day Revival.

The purpose of our Lord to purchase sal-
vation for "whosoever will," has been set
forth so manifestly by the prophet Isaiah in
some of the recent lessons in our Bible Study
that we ought to take on a new courage, and
burnish our faith shield with a new shining,
and with increased confidence pray and labor
for the saving of those over whom we may
have an influence.

The Old Way.

Dr. Torrey, writing in an American paper
of the mighty victories that have honored his
soul-saving effort, says that they have been
brought about by the Holy Spirit, by the
old Gospel, preached in the old way, with the
old power.

Our beloved General is sweeping men and
women into the Kingdom with the same
honored, well-worn weapons of war. In ham-
let, and town, and city the cry, "What must
I do to be saved?" must be heard throughout
the coming weeks. Altogether let us plead
for and believe that this will be so.

A letter bearing India's post mark has come
to me to-day, and because it made my own
heart glow I want to pass on one of the many
interesting items it contains. It is from a
girl's school, and as I read it I could see the
dusky faces of the orphan girls bright with
the new light which the love of Jesus puts
into Hindoo eyes as well as others. My
friend says:

"We have been calling, and, praise God,
He has answered. Ten days ago it was laid
upon our hearts to put away books and work
and have all-day meetings with the girls. . .
Scores of girls have been saved. Most of
the matrons have received the Holy Spirit,
and their faces shine with joy. The meetings
were unlike anything we have ever seen.
There was no special leader, everything
seemed spontaneous. The Holy Spirit took
possession, and it was so easy to speak when
He gave the message. Sometimes the whole
roomful would break out into prayer in uni-
son."

Such a joyous message of salvation, coming
to the hearts of these dark-skinned Hindoo
maidens, so short a time ago sitting in the
bondage of idolatry and superstition, makes
our heart glad and gives us courage to pray
for the onward sweep of the great revival.

If you loved only what were worth your
love that were clear gain, and wholly well for
you. Make the low nature better for your
threes, give each yourself, go up for gain
above.—R. Browning.

Dorothy Donaldson's Fatal Dance.

❁ ❁ ❁ A Christmas Eve Elopement Story.

DOROTHY DONALDSON was bereft of her parents when quite young, and was adopted by a couple of poor, but honest people, who made the sad mistake of allowing Dorothy too much of her own way. All this came about on account of their love for the little laughter-loving, blue-eyed girl, who skipped and danced about in the sunshine, just exactly like the little girl who had gone to heaven and left them childless. Sometimes Dorothy went to the Sunday School, but I am sorry to say, not being Christians themselves, her foster-parents attached very little importance to Christian training. When she was grown up, as they called her at fourteen, she was allowed to attend all the village dances, and soon became an adept at this alluring art. It was only the village boys and girls, the foster-parents argued. They were well known, and how any harm could come from such an innocent affair as a country dance was beyond their conception.

One night, when the dance was at its height a stranger stepped into the room, and immediately every eye was turned upon him. He was no simple village youth—he must be very rich, was the immediate decision. For his clothes were faultless, and a diamond scarf-pin and studs adorned the front of his white-shirt bosom, and more than one jewelled ring sparkled upon his white hands. The village girls (poor, silly things!) were soon infatuated with the stranger, and eagerly angling for an invitation from him for a dance. But Dorothy was evidently his choice, and more than once she was whirling on the floor with him, envied by all the other girls.

A Restless Night.

All that night she could not sleep for thinking of the stranger, and kept repeating in her mind, "Just think, he preferred me to all the rest." When morning came she might have been seen looking admiringly at herself in the little square mirror that hung on her bedroom wall, to see if what the stranger had whispered to her was really true. "Yes," she said aloud, "I am really very pretty." Oh, how quick the seeds of vanity had taken root, but then extra care had been taken by the stranger to plant them deeply.

Impatiently Dorothy waited for the next dance, and dressed herself with unusual care for it, even adding a new ribbon, which her indulgent foster-mother had bought her. To her unbounded joy the stranger was there again, and whispered words of flattery that greatly pleased the ear of the unsophisticated girl at his side. He told her he was of a good family, but hated aristocratic society, and

much preferred the country dance when attended by such a fair, sweet girl as she was.

Week after week they met, and Dorothy's vanity plant had not only rooted, but had grown to quite formidable proportions. One night they left the dance, and while they walked he told her wonderful tales of the city, and concluded by proposing that as it was impossible for him to marry just at present, and seeing that he could not live without her, he had come to the conclusion that they had better elope. He would see that no harm befell her, and in due time they would be married, and all would be well.

The Elopement.

At first she shrank from such a proposal, but he assured her he would be compelled to go without her if she did not, and in that case they would probably never see each other again. The poor, silly little butterfly felt that she could never part with him, so she reluctantly consented.

It was the night before Christmas, and the shoppers were hurrying hither and thither, buying presents for friends, and other things that would help to make a joyous Christmas-tide; Dorothy and her gentleman friend were hurrying down side streets, intent on reaching the railway depot, where the great engine stood puffing and snorting as though eager to assist them in their flight. Dorothy had never traveled before, and this was a novelty she thoroughly enjoyed, and yet she could not help thinking of the sad Christmas Day it would be for the foster parents in the little village home. But she was not yet fifteen years of age, and her momentary grief took wing as she listened to the flatterer at her side.

It was a long journey to the big city, but the longest journey ends at last, and so did this. Two furnished rooms were secured by the supposed man of wealth, and then Dorothy began to see the grave mistake she had made. After a few days her betrayer was not such an ardent lover as he used to be, and disclosed the secret that he was not a gentleman of means, but a gambler of the worst type. Sometimes he had plenty of money, and sometimes he made life unbearable, because his pockets were light, and his losses heavy.

Sometimes she thought of writing home to ask forgiveness, but the thought of the sneers and giggles of the girls who had once envied her, restrained her.

In Distress.

Her paramour neglected her more and more every day, and was out night after night. One

morning she received a letter which made her heart almost stand still. It was from him, telling her she would never see him any more. He enclosed a five-dollar bill, and told her to do the best she could for herself. Oh, what anguish she experienced. Her thoughts were not alone for herself, but for her unborn babe also. "Oh, what shall I do?" she wailed, and, in her agony, wept as though her heart would break.

Poor girl! If some hand could have been stretched out to her then, what misery and sin would have been prevented. She was not sixteen years of age, with the prospects of motherhood; so under these circumstances she could not look for work, and knew not what to do.

The five dollars were soon gone, and then she turned to the city authorities for help. Every effort was made to locate the villain who had caused her downfall, but all efforts were in vain, so Dorothy was taken to the City Hospital, and in a week or two looked into the tiny face of her unwelcome baby.

Who can help loving a baby? This one soon had a place in its mother's heart. The time came when she turned her back on the hospital, and found herself and babe upon the streets, a destitute girl. Oh, had she known of the Salvation Army—but she did not.

She tried to get work, but the tiny wailing bundle in her arms hindered her, so one after another her garments were sold to provide food and shelter. Her watch (her foster-father's gift) went the same way, and still no prospects of bettering her condition.

Again it was the night before Christmas, and Dorothy was hurrying along the street to find shelter from the chilling frost for herself and child, in the cheap lodging-house where she generally stayed.

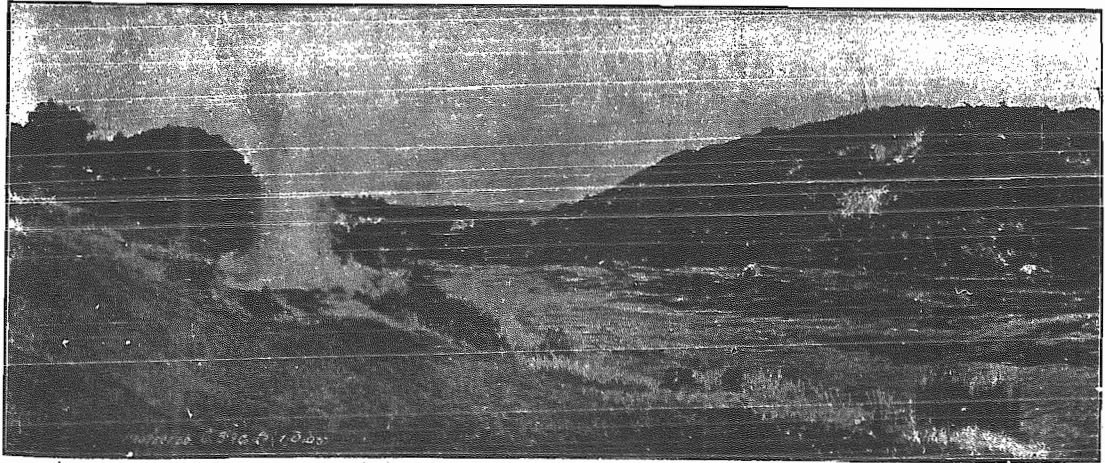
The Charity Ball.

All at once she heard music and dancing. It came from a brilliantly-lighted room, where a charity ball was in full swing. All the wealthy people were taking part, because it was nice to be considered charitable, so the whole neighborhood seemed alive with the rolling of carriages.

What a blaze of light and warmth. Dorothy instinctively stopped to look in. But how different it looked from the country dance hall. Here was something like a dream of fairyland, with its rich hangings, fragrant exotics, and the little scented fountains that tinkled so musically. There was also the gleaming of jewels, the sound of sweet music, and the sight of beautiful faces. Altogether it was a very brilliant function.

(To be concluded.)

When a person finds he cannot do all he would, he commonly does nothing, whereas his duty is to do all he can.



The Crow's Nest Geyser in Action on the Banks of Waikato River, New Zealand.

TEN YEARS IN JAPAN.

STRIKING REVIEW OF OUR POSITION — GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF OUR WORK IN THE FLOWERY LAND.

By Commissioner Railton.

On a recent Saturday night we were celebrating the Army's Tenth Anniversary, and Colonel Henry Bullard and Brigadier Charles Duce could look back upon all their struggles, and those of other pioneers, amidst such a demonstration as proved the Army to have become a real Japanese institution in Japan.

One of the largest churches in Tokio, the Central Tabernacle of the Canadian Methodists, was lent us both for the officers' meetings of the day and the demonstration of the night. Before the last-named we had the usual processions with drums, immense banner announcements, lanterns and flags, and a good open-air meeting. The whole front of the church was well lit up with lanterns and beflagged, as well as inside. The audience, who all paid for admission, largely consisted of non-Christians; but was most sympathetic throughout.

The absolute freedom of our people all the evening was one of the most striking indications of our past, present, and future in this country.

When our first songs and prayers were ended, we heard the Colonel's report of the year's work, the gist of which was 1,500 prisoners taken during the year, fifteen corps, fifty-six Japanese officers, one small Rescue Home, and an equally small Prison Gate-home, with two large Sailors' Homes at work, besides the extra operations amongst the wounded soldiers in hospital.

Then came the presentation to God of two children of Major Yamamuro, three of Adj. Takahashi, who is at present in Australia, and one of Ensign Ota, now in charge of the Yokohama corps. Then followed the enrolment of a dozen soldiers.

A purely Japanese incident came on next. A peculiarly-gifted friend sang the story of Bethlehem, accompanying himself on a peculiar instrument. Every word and note was listened to with intense attention. It was almost a realization before our eyes of David's play and song. Then the singer rose and, with difficulty repressing sobs, begged us to take to heart the needs of Manchuria. He had just brought thence to our Rescue Home three young girls who had been sent out to that country for the vice-market.

After I had pressed the moral of all they had seen on the people, Major Yamamuro appealed for immediate decision.

Almost at once there strode out to the front a military doctor, who had long been watching and listening to our officers who visited his hospital, and who was evidently determined to cast himself entirely at the Saviour's feet. He was followed by two Japanese Navy-men.

The three sailors had ridden on the same train with Mrs. Yamamuro, who heard them enquiring the way to the Yoshiwara, or brothel quarter. She persuaded them to come with her to the meeting instead.

The three girls from Manchuria came last. They made the total of prisoners for the evening—twenty-two.

And what shall I say more? Shall I try to recall to you the weary struggles, in little rooms that will hardly hold one hundred people, all these ten years that have been needed to make such an Army? Shall I attempt to describe the readiness of the people now to listen out of doors, or the sights I have seen round the drum, where four and five have knelt to surrender, within a few weeks of that dreadful Sunday of indignation about Mr. Roosevelt's "peace," when one hall was wrecked, and others were only saved by neighbors from fire lest their own premises should burn, too?

I dread less by one expression I should seem to describe more, than a visitor two months hence would find, and yet I equally dread to

fail in conveying a fair idea of my own impressions.

After two months spent here, visiting some corps repeatedly, and all once at least, I am satisfied that the Army never won as much victory to the square inch of its floor space in ten years anywhere. The general warm sympathy of all classes is most striking. Never did handfuls of enthusiastic soldiers keep up better fighting per week per man.

The Japanese are born orators, and from the penitent form onwards they are capable of speaking, not only with a burning earnestness we have never seen surpassed, but with a reasoning power and a clear view of the truths we most value that are astounding in people who never learnt a text or even saw a Bible till they were caught by us.

Of course, I have had special advantage in seeing the nation in its most intense days of life and triumph. Nobody could exaggerate the sudden indignation which the discovery of the supposed Western union to trick them out of what they considered their legitimate fruits of victory called forth, or the warmth of their welcome first to the British Fleet, and then to their own and to every returning warrior. Neither words nor pictures can give any adequate idea of the illuminated cities and seas, the merry and yet perfectly sober crowds, the thoughtful, rending, hard-tolling men and lads who are preparing bigger and bigger surprises for the sleepy West.

Certain I am that, beyond all possibility of calculation, the Japanese have been prepared for the acceptance of Christ.

As I watched Admiral Togo and all the leading men of the country pay homage to the spirits of their sunken comrades, I could but realize how terrible was the blank for the aching hearts present, which Christ alone could fill, and how wonderfully this great nation had been preserved from Western infidelity, whilst learning everything good that the West could teach. Oh, that we who carry the Light with us may be quick enough with it!

The first steps forward of the eleventh year has been the taking of a closed temple as a Rescue Home, and the fitting up of rooms at Headquarters for a Labor Bureau. It is getting common for Buddhist temples here to become bankrupt, and we may yet find in many of them commodious accommodation. The new place will be very much larger than our present Rescue Home, in a retired spot outside the city of Tokio, and yet not too far for us to hope for ladies meeting there occasionally.

Three Years' Progress in the West Indies.

Lieut.-Colonel Rauch Interviewed.

International Headquarters welcomed, the other day, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Joseph Rauch, with their family of eight, from the West Indies. They were only "birds of passage," and they left, almost immediately, for their new command—the Gujarat Territory, India—but before going they were good enough to receive a War Cry interviewer for a few minutes.

Lieut.-Colonel Rauch, in reply to questions, admitted having had "a very pleasant time," the most encouraging feature of which was the fact that during his three years' stay, about twelve thousands souls had professed salvation. A good percentage of the converts had become soldiers, and there was a satisfactory response to the call for more native officers.

St. Vincent Victories.

New Colonies have been opened up—in the West Indies every island is a colony—including Antigua and St. Vincent, and at the latter place hundreds were converted during the first few weeks. The result was seen in a very substantial reduction of the number of prisoners in the local jail!

Amongst the St. Vincent converts was a notorious character with between eighty and ninety convictions for law-breaking of various kinds, to his discredit. The latest report about this comrade was to the effect that he was "a credit to the Army."

During the three years of Lieut.-Colonel Rauch's command, our operations have also been extended to the Isthmus of Panama, where both the American and local Republican Governments are most favorable to the Army. The American Government, indeed, has promised to erect and equip a large Metropole, on the understanding that the Salvation Army takes it over when complete.

Many of the laborers on the canal were Salvationists before they went there, and naturally they are a great help. A good work is also being started amongst the Spanish-speaking population of the city of Panama, and especially the children.

In Jamaica several places have been newly opened, amongst them are Black River town and district, where a marvelous spiritual work is going forward. A large number of soldiers have been enrolled in the Black River corps.

In the West Indies, as elsewhere, our Social Work moves forward with the spiritual, and the latest advance is the opening of the Women's Metropole at Kingston.

Shot in the Street.

The last recorded death amongst the native officers was that of a young Lieutenant—only recently commissioned—who was accidentally shot in the streets of Georgetown, Demerara, in the course of the rioting arising from discontent amongst the dock laborers.

The Lieutenant was stationed at Georgetown III., and was on his way to the Divisional Headquarters, accompanied by Lieut. Wiggan. They had only just passed the police when, hearing the rattle of stones, both half turned, saw the police at "Present," and a moment later Lieut. Watson cried, "I am shot."

He was taken to the hospital, and after two days of excruciating suffering passed away. He gave a very bright testimony; assured Staff-Capt. Edward Tucker, his Divisional Officer, that Jesus was unspeakably precious to him; and that his chief concern in dying was that his career as an officer in the Army had come to such an untimely end.

It is estimated that the crowd who followed to the cemetery on the day of the funeral numbered about two thousand, whilst many thousands lined the streets witnessing the procession.

One very touching incident was when a body of bluejackets from the warships presented arms and saluted the dead, after which, under a petty officer, they "fell in" and followed for a considerable distance.

There is a Providence in the sad event which we cannot see at the time, but the opinion in the West Indies when Lieut.-Colonel Rauch farewelled was that the tragic death of Lieut. Watson had produced a deeper impression on the masses than he might have accomplished by years of service.

The authorities, it may be added, were most kind, both the Governor and the Mayor of Georgetown personally expressing their deep sympathy.

ANOTHER HEATHEN TEMPLE SMASHED.

Another Indian temple, with its native idols, has been surrendered to the Army, at a village called Ellyanar-koolam, in South India.

When Lieut.-Colonel Sukh Singh and Lieut.-Colonel Mithri visited the village the headman handed over the keys of the temple, and in the presence of the inhabitants the idols of mud were demolished.



GEO FOX

THE RED-HOT-QUAKER.

Chapter II.—(Continued.)

In this wretched, miserable state he went to London to visit the dissenting Christians there. London was the centre of all things. Surely, there he would find some help. But there was none. In vain his uncle, who was a Baptist, entreated him to stay. Sadly and sorrowfully he turned his face towards his home again, after a year's absence.

Is it any wonder his relations did not know what to make of him?

He must get married and settle down, some said. That would put an end to his foolish melancholy. But to this George replied with grim humor that he'd rather "get some wisdom first." Others insisted that he had better enlist as a soldier. A soldier's life was a merry one, and he would have no time to brood. So persistent were his kind friends to settle his career in some way that George left them and fled. However, he was soon back again, this time with a view to inquiring more closely of the clergy.

The Drayton clergyman often came to see him, and used to ask him questions, all of which George answered. But when George found out that his object was not so much to help him as to get material for next Sunday's sermon, he refused to have anything more to do with him!

At Mansetter he sought another man, who bade him take tobacco and sing psalms. "But," said George, "I do not love tobacco, nor am I in any state to sing!"

He was told to come again. He came. The clergyman got irritated with him. He could not understand this strange young man. So when George found out that he told all his most sacred confidences to the servants and

milk-lasses, he came to the conclusion that he was a "miserable comforter," and no use to minister to a mind diseased.

Another man he described as "an empty, hollow cask!"

Hearing of a certain Dr. Cradock, in Coventry, as a man eminent for piety, George repaired there in high hopes. This worthy took him out into the garden and asked him a number of Biblical questions. George, forgetful of all save his misery, heedlessly trod on a flower-bed, whereupon the doctor got in such a temper that anything he might have to say was rendered of no effect to George, who again turned sadly and sorrowfully homewards.

The next one he tried told him he was ill, and gave him some medicine and tried to bleed him; but, as he writes himself, his body was so dried up with sorrow and grief that not a drop of blood could be got from him.

Human intellect having utterly failed him, George next tried to comfort himself with good works. He visited the poor and helped them, and went from house to house seeking for the widows and fatherless that he might thus follow out the Bible instruction. But he was never a whit better. Often he was fain to wish that he had been born blind, so that he could not see the wickedness of the world, and deaf that he might not hear the wicked words men used when they blasphemed God. He lived in a veritable hell, keenly alive to the awful peril and blindness men were living in, and totally unable to lend them a helping hand. His life was nothing less than a protracted nightmare!

However, though perhaps he did not recognize it then, the light that had begun to glimmer on his path was still shining, and just about this time he arrived at two important conclusions. The first was, that in spite of what was taught in the church, to the effect that all believers are Christians, and therefore

entitled to heaven and born of God, this was not so; but that except a man was converted he could not inherit eternal life. The other was, that to be educated at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to make a man a minister of Christ. This was the common belief at the time, so common that an old contemporary historian relates with much wonder and awe how George took these new ideas as a Divine revelation. You will easily see from this how dead and lifeless and wholly asleep the church was! It took a man anointed and trained by God Himself to wake it up. It is in itself an interesting study to trace out how wonderfully these years of blackness and soul bitterness, with odd gleams of light on the most vital fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion, fitted George Fox for the work he was born into the world to do.

Again he gave himself to wandering to and fro. We find him in cities, tiny villages, sleeping under hedges, studying his Bible in a hollow tree, and in every imaginable and unimaginable place.

(To be continued.)

A REMARKABLE CHRISTMAS DINNER

Lieut.-Colonel Scott writes: "We have had a wonderful Christmas in Kansas City, and our efforts on behalf of the poor were crowned with abundant success, distributing altogether on Christmas Day five thousand meals. Basket dinners for four thousand were given away between ten and twelve in the forenoon in Convention Hall, and at night a big public spread was given in the same building. It was indeed a grand sight to behold that immense arena floor covered with tables and the crowd of needy guests seated at them.

"As soon as the dinner was over a Christmas entertainment commenced, the Army's guests remaining seated at the tables, while the public were admitted to the boxes, the arena balcony, and the gallery. In a short time a congregation of about seven thousand people had assembled. The program was bubbling over with interest, the special features being (a) A big chorus of one thousand voices; (b) Third Regiment Band; (c) Appropriate stereoscopic views; (d) Short addresses by leading people; and last, but not least, a Hallelujah Wedding—Ensign Shanley and Lieutenant Wisnes being the contracting parties."

DENMARK.

Copenhagen's New Prison Gate Home.

Acting-Commissioner Charles Sowton and his Social Staff have recently distributed one thousand baskets of provisions to the aged and most needy people in Copenhagen. These baskets each contained sufficient food for five persons.

A new Prison Gate Home is to be opened shortly in the capital, a long lease of a very suitable building having just been signed.

The new Home, to which a commodious wood-yard is attached, is in every way better adapted for our work amongst destitute ex-prisoners than the existing institution.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner Richards: and the Chinese.

During his stay in Johannesburg, Acting-Commissioner Richards paid a visit to the Chinese Compounds attached to one of the largest mines on the Rand.

The proprietors had given instructions that the Commissioner should be shown everything, and allowed an opportunity of addressing the Chinese for a quarter of an hour.

As everyone who knows our South African leader will conclude, he compressed into that fifteen minutes an amazing amount of simple salvation truth, which must, at least, have opened a little wider the door for the Army's entry to the four hundred millions of John Chinaman's vast Empire.



"Studying his Bible in a hollow tree."



LINE WORK.

Constructing a Pole Line for Telegraph or Telephone.

In the construction of a telegraphic pole line, the first consideration of importance is to secure poles of the proper length, diameter, and material, to resist the stress and strain that must necessarily be encountered. All these factors are calculated with reference to the particular line: its location, whether in the city or the open country; the number of wires and crossarms to be carried. Thus, the poles of lines running through must necessarily be lofty, in order to avoid obstructing light, etc., and are, accordingly, made of Norway pine, which comes in good lengths, although lasting, on the average, only about six years. In cross-country lines, where durability is a matter of prime importance, and extra height rather undesirable, the poles are made of cypress, chestnut, or cedar, whose average life, in telegraph lines, is ten, twelve, and fifteen years, respectively. In

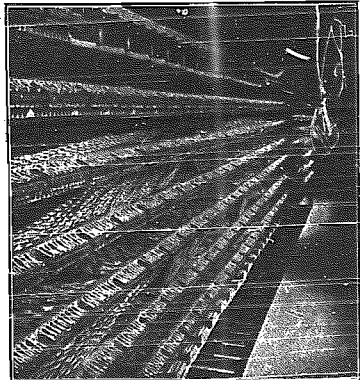
Choosing Tree Trunks

for poles, the diameters at top and butt are considerations of first importance. Thus, a twenty-five-foot pole should have a diameter of nine inches at a point six feet from the butt end, and be buried at least five and one-half feet in the earth; a fifty-foot pole should have a diameter of fourteen inches at the same point, and be buried six and one-half feet; while a seventy-five-foot pole should have a diameter of twenty inches and be buried seven and one-half feet. In preparing the pole, the bark is peeled away as soon as the tree is felled, and the limbs are carefully shaved down, in order that the sap may evaporate. In carefully prepared lines the poles are generally painted, in order to postpone decay as long as possible; occasionally such preservative processes as "creosoting" or "vulcanizing" are employed, although poles thus treated do not last materially longer. Before the pole is planted, the cross-arms, generally of yellow pine, are attached, the insulator pins, of locust wood, are inserted in holes bored for them.

In ordinary lines the poles are spaced, so as to number from twenty to fifty to the mile, although this matter, like the height, is largely determined by the weight of the wire to be carried. The holes are generally dug with long-handled shovels, although patent post-hole augurs, and even dynamite, are occasionally employed; the depth, of course, varying as the height of the pole to be planted.

The First Step

In the process of planting is to insert a plank in the hole, so that the earth may not be broken when the



Distributing Board at a Large Telephone Exchange.

pole slides in. The top end of the pole is then lifted by hand, so that the pole hoist, or "dead man," may be inserted under it, and the raising begins by lifting with pikes; the "dead man" being shoved along, so as to act as a support between heaven and gravity, becomes the balance and the pole slides into the hole. Loose earth and stones are shoveled in the hole and stamped down, so as to provide a secure attachment to the butt. It is customary, in frequent instances, to further reinforce the pole by guy cables secured to stakes or to the base of a neigh-

boring pole, but whether this expedient is used or not, the rule is invariable that the wires must be subjected to no strains other than the weight of their own spans.

In Stringing a Line,

the wires may be put up singly or all at once. In the former case it is merely wound off a hand reel, pulled out to the required tension, and secured to the glass insulator cap. In stringing a number of lines at once, the several reels are placed at the beginning of a section of poles—their ends being secured to perforations in a plank spaced to correspond with the insulator pins on the crossarms. A team of horses is attached to the plank, and the wires are drawn out to the end of the reel. Tension is then applied to each wire between each pair of poles previous to attaching to the proper insulator cap. This tension is always regulated, so as to allow exactly the right amount of sag and obviate all breakage caused by temperature changes, or stress of high winds. The successive lengths of wire are spliced by twisting together in one of several different ways, which involves quite as much experience and expertness as attaching securely to the insulators. In splicing, the ends of the two wire sections are secured by grips, known as "screw-locks," and are drawn together by block and falls into a convenient position for the lineman with his twisting pliers.

LEARNING A TRADE.

"I believe," says the General in "Religion for Every Day," "there is a custom in the German Royal Family which binds every member to acquire a knowledge of some form of skilled labor. I think the present Emperor is a printer. If to have a practical knowledge of a trade at his finger-ends is considered a desirable acquisition in an Emperor, how much more will it be found so in a Salvation Soldier!"

"And if it is deemed desirable that the boys should be taught some useful form of work, it is absolutely essential that the girls should, at least, learn those things which lie within a woman's sphere, which have to do with the comfort, economy, and well-being of the household."

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Always be considerate of the rights and feelings of others.

Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for everyone.

Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances.

Be respectful to women, and chivalrous in your attitude towards them.

Meet trouble like a man, and cheerfully endure what you can't cure.

Never utter witticisms at the risk of giving pain or hurting someone's feelings.

THE SNOWY OWL.

Every few years, especially along the seacoast and the larger rivers and lakes, there is a wave of those splendid, day-hunting rascals—the snowy owls. They are great fishermen, the only owl to make this sort of hunting a practice, and may sometimes be seen sitting, silent and motionless, like a block of ice, at the edge of the open water, waiting for a chance to nab an unsuspecting fish. Of course, this is not a very paying way to get a living, and they also catch field mice, muskrats, hares, and even large birds like quail or grouse. But there are only two other birds of prey in our country that habitually eat fish, and one of these seldom catches its own, preferring to eat the dead fish along the shore or pluck it from the real fisherman—the osprey.—St. Nicholas.

A DARING MAORI.

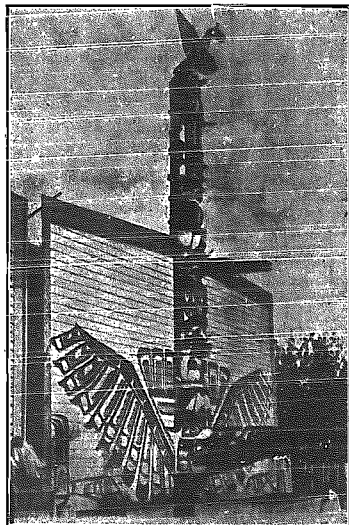
The following anecdote of the daring of one of the Maoris is taken from the "History of New Zealand," by Dr. A. S. Thomson.

"One morning," writes the narrator, "a lone whale was seen on the placid Bay of the Bay of Islands, pulled up to it, and the New Zealander, balancing himself on the gunwale, darted the harpoon at the creature and missed. After several hours' chase, under a tropical sun, the whale was approached a second time, and the New Zealander darted two harpoons at him, but again missed. Then the bitterest disappointment arose among the tired boat's crew,

which they expressed in curses deep and loud. These taunts maddened the Maori; and no sooner was the boat again pulled up to the whale than he bounded on the animal's back, and for one dizzy second was seen there. The next all was foam and fury, and both were out of sight. The men in the boat shoved off, hung over a line as fast as they could, while ahead nothing was seen but a red whirlpool of blood and brine. Presently a dark object swam out, the line began to tighten, then smoke round the logger-head, and the boat sped like an arrow through the water. They were fast, and the whale was running. But where was the New Zealander? His brown head was on the boat's gunwale, and he was hauled aboard in the very midst of the mad bubbles that burst under the boys."

THE ANT EATER.

The ant-eater is a curious animal, which inhabits Brazil, Guiana, and Paraguay. It feeds upon ants and termites mainly. Its short legs, and heavy long claws would cause one to suppose that it was a slow-going animal. But such is not the case, and it pursued the ant-eater often outruns the ordinary running horse. The ant-eater's tongue resembles a great red worm, and as the animal gathers up its food with this tongue, it is quite interesting to watch the process. The tongue is so quick of movement, dashing here and there with such lightning rapidity, that it would seem that it went in all directions at once.



Totem Pole, Alert Bay.

Sermons in Anecdotes

Faith, the Victory which Overcomes.—Someone asked a man who was a very swift runner, and had won many foot-races:

"How do you feel when you start? Are you afraid of being beaten?"

"No," he answered, "I always feel sure that I shall win!"

In the Christian race, if we feel secure in God's strength, we shall find that "all things are possible to him that believeth."

"He Knows Who are His."—If you have a book which you do not wish to lose, you write your name in it. The shepherd brands his name upon his sheep, and everyone knows they are his. "From henceforth let no man trouble me," wrote St. Paul, "for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." And our Lord Himself says of His servants, "My name shall be in their foreheads." The Good Shepherd knows His own sheep by name, and no one can pluck them out of His hand.

Painted Fire.—An ancient writer has said that if a man professes to be a follower of Christ, but does not let the light of good works shine before men, he is like a picture painted to represent a flame of fire, but giving no light.

The Power of the Bible.—A lady who was a great traveler found in a remote corner of China, a village of native Christians, who had never been visited by a missionary, but had learned Christianity from a copy of St. Mark's Gospel, brought to them from a central province by their village carpenter.

It is said that sponges are colonies of extremely minute organisms, each furnished with a membranous collar of funnel, the whole looking like an exquisite wine-glass without a foot.

LOT: The Spirit of Compromise.

Genesis xliii. 10-13; xix. 1, 12, 13, 15.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

LOT was a failure, and the secret of that failure seems to have been twofold. On the one hand, he never really separated himself from the world, and, on the other, he appears to have had little personal reliance upon God. While of Abraham it is said that he walked with God, we are told again and again of Lot that he went with Abraham. Lot is an example of those "who take right steps because others take them, who make sacrifices because others do so, rather than because God bids them." They have no root in themselves, and their second-hand religion is therefore a feeble thing, only lasting for a time. After a while, for one reason or another, the Lots always go away from the Abrahams. The form of godliness, no matter how attractive it seems, without the power is a wearisome business. And so it often comes about that "Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, and it was well watered everywhere, even like the garden of the Lord," and he chose him all the plain of Jordan. Both he and his flocks forthwith went off to Sodom, the central city of the fertile plains. Abraham was consoled in this separation; and the ingratitude it implied by the promise that he received from God immediately after—"for," said the Lord, "all the land—to thee I will give it, and to thy seed forever." Thus, while Lot chose the present plenty and security, Abraham obtained the promise which was to last for ever. Lot, as we see, lifted up his eyes to the rich "plain of Jordan," but Abraham, thinking of higher things than crowded sheep-folds and fat pastures, thinking less of monetary gains and more of lasting blessings, looked "on the heaven," and telling the number of the stars, received from God the promise of a new nation which should influence the world, and give men the Messiah, the Sin-bearer of the race.

Lot's history, in spite of the difference between then and now, appears to me to be a very instructive study for these days. Among other lessons, this story shows: (1) That no man can serve two masters; (2) That compromise is not the way to make the world better; and (3) That in the end, even though saved by "the skin of his teeth," half-and-half loses all.

1. Lot really tried to serve two masters and failed. Soon after he had settled down in Sodom, war broke out between its people and an adjoining tribe. And Lot, as a new comer, feeling that now his interests were largely theirs, felt it necessary to join with the army of Sodom. After its defeat, he and his goods were captured by the enemy. It is ever so. If you give the world an inch by way of approval or support, it will soon take an ell. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." Now, when Abraham heard of Lot's capture he gathered a considerable force of his own servants and marched to rescue him, though he might reasonably have said, "Serve him right; what business had he to help the ungodly?" But there is no such word in the history—Lot's mistakes and backslidings have not altered Abraham, who values him, notwithstanding his personal unkindness, even more than he did before, now that he is in the hands of the foe. So should you thus value those who have wandered away from your care, even though there be something of self-will and unkindness in their leaving you.

Abraham, after a fine pursuit and a hard battle, recovers Lot and all he had, but Lot returned again to Sodom to try once more for the approval of the two masters. What a contrast is this to Abraham's spirit! When the King of Sodom, by way of a recompense for the great service he had rendered in delivering Lot, offered him some of the spoils, he answered, "I will not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet." This is the grand independence of faith—the fearless acknow-

ledgement that one master's rewards are enough and more than enough, and that though he had saved Lot, Abraham would have nothing to do with either the world or its gifts. For even as Lot's failure flowed from his trying to mix God and Sodom, so Abraham's success came of his seeking God, and seeking Him alone.

2. Compromise with the world will not make it any better. Lot threw away his life, his family, and his fortune, all to no purpose, for he did no good in Sodom. He made no convert to Jehovah there. He lost his wife, ruined his daughters, vexed his own soul, only escaping destruction by a hair's-breadth, and yet Sodom was no better for it all. So it ever is—**compromise with the world always fails.** It pulls down the man who proposes it, and never raises up any one else. Beware! It often seems very reasonable to make concessions—for the sake of peace; it was Lot's wish to avoid the quarrelling of his servants with those of Abraham, that led him first to think of Sodom—"I am not called," Lot would say, "for the sake of the flocks, to sacrifice everything for Abraham and his servants;" and you are not called, the devil will say, to do so for the sake of the Army. But concessions to the world are like the concessions of a lamb to the hungry lion, or the concessions made by a wounded soldier to the vulture hovering over the battlefield—they spell ruin and death. "Who knows," Lot could argue, "but that I may, by kindness and good example, win over some of the Sodomites to righteousness, and thus save a whole city from destruction?" But it all failed, and he only made them despise him at last. "Stand back," they said, when he would restrain from wickedness, "are you a judge?" Indeed, so far from listening to his remonstrances, they would have killed him, had it not been for the angels who pulled him into the house, for "he seemed to them as one that mocked."

And, alas! how weak and pluckless Lot had become! Doubtless he did not see what he was doing—the spirit of compromise often makes its victims blind before their destruction comes upon them. Think of a man who feared God offering to sacrifice the purity of his two daughters, in order to secure a few hours' peace for the angels! Where is his faith in God? Where is his courage? Where his manhood? All are gone; sold to the world for the sake of a house and a living! Ah, do we not know some modern Lots? All their daring and faith gone—dwelling in the plains of business prosperity, within comfortable homes, or good situations, holding popular positions, or drawing big salaries; but who, with all these well-watered lands can give them, are poor, miserably poor, and lonely, ease-loving, unfruitful Lots all the same! For some doubtful gain, they forsook Abraham and the highway of faith, and compromised; and now they have become but shadows of their former selves; and, alas! alas! Sodom is Sodom still; and the fire is coming!

3. But you will remind me that Lot was saved! Yes, indeed, so he was, in a way, but only barely saved, by "the skin of his teeth," as Job puts it, and even then God had to work a miracle for his sake. Those angels had a tremendous struggle to get him out from Sodom at all, and as it was, he lingered so that his wife actually looked back, and was swiftly destroyed. And even, at the last moment, Lot pleaded for Zoar, one of the small but evil places associated in some way or other with Sodom and Gomorrah, which God had apparently purposed also to destroy. "Let me escape thither," he says, "is it not a little one?" Oh, these cruel, cursed, devilish, damning "little things"! Oh, the power and the love of the world, when once it has laid hold of the human heart! Here, when all but life is lost, when the very heavens are lurid

with the flaming storm of coming ruin, Lot is clinging just to this little thing. He cannot have Sodom, that, at last, is clear, and so he pleads for Zoar. Perhaps it was for his children's sake—if so, he soon proved that compromise **sakes the children.** If he had only let Zoar go, and, escaping to the mountains, had cast himself upon God, he might have been saved from that last crowning shame which befell him and them. Oh, my comrades, would to God that we would learn this lesson! Oh, have you anything to do with any Sodom? Escape for thy life, from it and its treasures; look not back; tarry not in all the plain; lest thou be consumed, or be tempted into some half-way house like Zoar, some accursed place, though it be a little one. Little sins have long stings.

Yes, Lot was saved, I admit; but what a wreck of a life was his! His flocks; his well-watered lands; his home (at Zoar he had to dwell in a cave!); his wealth; his servants; his sons-in-law; his wife; his wasted years, all perished! Failure is written above every chapter of his history, and all is explained by the fact that he was a poor, half-and-half, lingering, compromising soul.

Remember Lot!

Sanctification.

By the General.

I.—WHAT IT IS.—(Continued.)

When we talk of sanctification, or being sanctified, do we not generally mean entire sanctification?

Yes; and we also mean the same experience by such terms as perfect love, or holiness, or the blessing, or full salvation, or a clean heart, and the like.

If a man is what is called fully saved, or entirely sanctified, is he delivered from temptation?

No! Adam and Eve were tempted, and so was Jesus Christ, and they were holy; and the holier a man becomes, the more likely Satan is to tempt him. Holiness does not bring freedom from temptation, but victory over it. (See James i. 12.)

Does sanctification mean that we are saved from mistakes in judgment?

No; that would be making us infallible. Still, sanctified souls are promised, and do enjoy, the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit: they acknowledge Him in all their ways, and He directs their paths.

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."—John xiv. 26.

Does holiness save men from bodily and mental infirmities?

No; but it frequently leads to a fuller sanctification of all the affections and infirmities from which saints suffer, and often to the exercise of faith for their deliverance.

"And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."—James v. 15.

Does sanctification make it impossible to fall from grace?

No; Satan fell from heaven, and Adam from Paradise, and they both were perfect, in a sense in which we never can be in this life; and we do not see any state of grace revealed in the Bible as attainable in this life from which it is impossible to fall.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."—1 Cor. x. 12.

"What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."—Mark xiii. 37.

Does sanctification make it impossible for a person to attain a higher state of grace in this life?

No! Sanctification means the cleansing of the heart from pride and unbelief and all other native evils, and so makes growth in grace certain and easy—just as the pulling up of the weeds in a garden is favorable to the growth and strength and fruitfulness of the plants therein.



THE VALUE OF A LOST SOUL.

An Inspiration for February Campaigners.

BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

The values of gold and silver, of pearls and diamonds, of real estate, commercial enterprise and political activity are well understood by the world, but how few there are who apprehend the real value of an immortal soul. Many treat the soul as though it had no being, while others go so far as to deny its existence. There is, however, that unaccountable something in every human being that asserts itself, will not be silenced, or ignored—a good spirit within—often styled, the better self, an instinct that feels after goodness and God—it is the soul of man.

The Bible is full of the theme—the value of a soul. God breathed into Adam the breath of life and man became a living soul. The soul was lost through transgression. The patriarchs realized the value of their souls. Seth called upon the name of the Lord. Enosh walked with God. Noah was righteous before God in his generation. Abraham believed God, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness. Joseph suffered imprisonment rather than sin, and Moses preferred the desert with God to Pharaoh's court without Him.

The story of Job, supposed to be the oldest book in the world, the first written of all the books of the Bible, is full of bright gems of spiritual truth.

Daniel declared that "many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

The Lord Jesus Christ, Whose words are more weighty than any other, said, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The Apostle James declared, "If any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

A soul from death—what does it mean? We are familiar with the death of the body, but cannot comprehend spiritual death. So awful are the descriptions given in the Word of God that men dispute their meaning and deny their veracity, despite their terrible emphasis. The Gospel of Matthew describes it as a prison. Isaiah affirms and queries, "The sinners in Zion are afraid, fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?"

cellor is wanted for immigration work, and the new man is required to continue his present as well as to take up new work. Both comrades are old and tried warriors of over twenty years' experience and have an excellent spirit of love and devotion. Bye-the-bye, each comrade has lately been honored by the arrival of a new baby in their homes. May God bless them abundantly.

It was rather significant and somewhat amusing that Staff-Capt. Creighton is named David, and his successor is David Creighton Moore. It was very easy to suggest in the officers' meeting that they might expect more David Creighton. I had the pleasure of conducting a council, to which were invited the Candidates of the new session—a bright, expectant lot of people.

Brigadier Howell and Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich accompanied me to Montreal. The latter gave a lecture on the Indian work in B. C. and showed some very excellent pictures of that fascinating warfare in the far west.

The Lord Jesus said, "Into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched." On three occasions it is recorded that He said, "Where their worm dieth not and the fire never shall be quenched."

Jude speaks of it as "the blackness of darkness for ever."

The Apostle of Love declares in the Revelation, "The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without measure into the cup of His indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb; and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever; and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name."

These are graphic Bible descriptions of the sufferings of the lost. It cannot be wise to ignore them and go on in heedless haste to the realization of their awful truth. The value of a soul is greater, in the estimation of God, than the value of a world. Put the whole of the planet on which we live on one side of the balance, and an immortal soul on the other, and the latter would outweigh the former. Things material are infinitely less than things spiritual. Finite eyes cannot comprehend the greatness of the infinite. They have dug 2,500 million dollars' worth of gold from the Australian continent since the precious metal was first discovered; thousands of souls have been sacrificed in its quest; but the whole of it is not an infinitesimal fraction of the value of a soul.

In 1903 the banks of Canada had in deposits 424 million dollars, yet this was as a grain upon the sea shore compared with the value of a soul.

The fact is, man owns nothing in this world. He is only the tenant of his house, liable to instant ejection. His wealth is in the character of a loan that he must yield up at any time—he goes out of this world with absolutely nothing but himself, his soul—and thus he must appear at the bar of God's eternal justice.

What worth is a stately funeral, public grief, and honorable recognition, if a man dies without God and is a lost soul? Think of the fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, relatives, workmates, neighbors, fellow-citizens, who are dying daily, hourly, minutely, passing to the judgment—lost souls. Well may every Salvationist every Christian, every saved one be aroused, shaken from lethargy and indifference, and full of enthusiasm strive to save men and women who are of so great a value before God.

Lippincott's Welcome to New Leaders.

About two hundred soldiers and friends gathered in the barracks to welcome Adj.-Capt. Hobbirk to the corps. Tea had been provided for the multitude, and everyone cheered, clapped, sang, and quite enjoyed themselves. At the first public meeting on Saturday night, the Adjutant exhorted everyone to "magnify the Lord with me." A number came out to the open-air meetings on Sunday to "magnify the Lord," and some rousing times resulted. A real good holiness meeting was held in the morning, and faith was high for victory. Under the influence of the Spirit, the appeals and songs of the officers, and in answer to the prayers of God's people, three souls wept their way to Christ. We are believing for great times of blessing and for mighty victories during the stay of Adj.-Capt. Hobbirk.—Corps Correspondent.



Promotions—

ADJT. FRASER Prison Gate Work, Territorial Headquarters, to be STAFF-CAPTAIN.

ENSIGN MERCER, T. F. S., North-West Province, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN CARTER to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN CHARLES ALLAN to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN JAMES BOWERING to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN CABRIT to be ADJUTANT.

Capt. A. O'Neil to be ENSIGN.

Capt. Coy to be ENSIGN.

Appointments—

ADJT. MERCER to North Bay.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

The Chief Secretary's Notes.

A cable has been received from the Commissioner. He has arrived safely in Great Britain, and will leave there on Feb. 3rd, D.V.

The campaign is being waged with much zeal in certain quarters. Souls are being saved in a great many corps. This is glorious. Why not in every place?

Soul-saving is a tonic, and a cure for spiritual dyspepsia. It is a fact that people try and feed their souls on newspapers, novels, amusements, and wonder that they suffer degeneration in their spiritual life.

The means of grace—prayer, Bible reading, faith for some practical blessing for others—are the food upon which souls flourish, and the only means.

Don't let business, home duties, store duties, traveling, anything, keep you from trying to save souls. Move them up a little. Ask the grocer, the baker, the milkman, the fellow-traveler, whether they are right with God. In turn, let the store-keeper ask the customer. It is more important that you save souls than succeed in making money.

The young men, the "boys," as they are familiarly termed at Territorial H. O., are out for souls. A spontaneous move among them to help the campaign has been gladly welcomed, and great things are expected. Four of them spent last Sunday at Dovercourt and had twenty-two at the penitence form. Hallelujah!

I visited Montreal last Sunday—report to follow. The work is doing very well. There is a lot of fire and go in the comrades there. We had a good day on Sunday, and nine souls. In the afternoon I had the pleasure of visiting Point St. Charles, and was delighted with the go and life at this corps. We want at least twenty corps in Montreal.

The Commissioner has decided that Staff-Capt. Creighton shall farewell, and Staff-Capt. Moore take his place. The farewelling Chan-

The Chief of the Staff's Magnificent New Year's Campaign in Glasgow.

On the morning of Wednesday, January 3rd, 1906, West Scottish Salvationism found itself assembled at the famous St. Andrew's Hall. This capacious building has been completely renovated, and the officials estimate the accommodation at 5,000 seats. These, however, were inadequate for the huge masses of people who thronged every portion of the hall in the largest-attended meeting, and even the inaugural gathering presented a sight which no other religious organization produces at such a day and season. We say this in no spirit of vain-glory, but simply to show that red-hot religion has not lost its hold on the people.

These monster gatherings were the more remarkable in view of the weather, which tried to prevail—but couldn't! The fickle clouds had frowned disapproval, and so Glasgow was bedraggled and moist. Yet little the Salvationists recked; even the great spectacular march suffered no whit.

With serious set purpose to make Glasgow look at the Salvation Army, the clans gathered in St. George's Square to the number of about 1,500, and marched to the music of some twenty brass bands. At the head of the procession was a Brigade of Candidates who were leaving for the International Training Homes, London, the same night. They farm Scotland's annual gift to the war, and are of no small importance in view of the Chief of the Staff's declaration that Scotland furnishes some of the most magnificent fighting stuff in the world. They will maintain the traditions of the land of the Covenanters. Sectioned in between the West and the East Glasgow Division was the Corps-Cadets' Brigade—that rising Army of young people who are our hope.

Grand Object-Lesson.

The striking procession was reviewed by the Chief of the Staff at a point off Sauchiehall Street. Great was the enthusiasm as the troops met the eye of the Chief, and his face was brightly expressive of the pleasure this grand object-lesson of the Army's advance in Scotland afforded him.

The Chief's appearance on the platform at the hall was the signal, at each meeting, for a resounding burst of welcome. He had not been long on his feet ere he began to talk about our beloved General—one of the many beautiful lessons the Chief's life affords: he honors his father.

"He does not know how to lose a single minute," said the Chief, and his audience cheered. "Let the dear old General's example encourage you to go on"—to all of which the Scottish folk responded with heart, voice, and hands.

He took his audience with him into the deep places of the human spirit, and put the things found there under a microscope of truth.

"The distinguishing feature of much of the religion around us is an indefiniteness, a vagueness, an uncertainty."

"In religion certainty is everything."
"If you want to be sure you are right God must tell you. If God does not tell you I do not care how many times you have been to the penitent form."

"Many people go through life without ever having the assurance of being saved, and that is why they wobble so."

"Assurance is the direct work of God, and it comes from the Spirit of God in the soul."

There were fifteen seekers at the penitent-form in the morning meeting, but it would be folly to estimate the value of that tremendous outpouring of red-hot truth at the seen results.

The first was a genuine working man; his hard, grimy hands showed that. He was a backslider, too. Making a brave struggle through heredity and environment towards a sober, sane, moral life, this strong man, physi-

cally fit for anything, had been downed by the drink, in spite of the help of his Salvation comrades; and there he was, back in the slough again, till, in God's mercy, this special Day of Life is announced, and Christ washes him again from his old sins.

Another individual, awakened to the fact of existence in its relationship to God and eternity, and who sought salvation and assurance, was a deacon of a church. Had held his position many years, but was never assured, or even professed to be truly saved before. He was a fine, conscientious Scotchman.

At night the huge meeting received with a tremendous outburst of applause the announcement from the Chief that we had decided on an important extension of the Social Work in Glasgow, it being the general opinion that the Army ought to be well represented on the Social side for men as well as for women.

The Chief's address dealt with some causes of the failure of many men to make the best of their lives, and I can only describe it as the diagnosis of a skillful spiritual physician laying bare with the scalpel of Truth the secret things of the moral nature.

For every condition and for every set of circumstances there is somewhere an appropriate and sufficient cause, and some of these the Chief proceeded to enumerate, such as "unconfessed sin," "hidden sin," "past sin," "present sin," "sin in anticipation"—a sin of the soul by means of a mental corruption which looks forward to indulgence at some future time.

Then he traced the course of these evil rivers of the soul till the pressure was so great that he stopped and said, "I do not assume any right to stand up here and condemn any man"; and referring to the case of a prodigal which had been brought to him by a sorrowing relative that day, he added, "My heart went out in sympathy as that lady told me the story, and I said, 'Oh, my God, I should have been as that man only for Thy grace!'"

"See those tears on that penitent form?" said the officer, who had been dealing with a particular person; "it is three years ago since that poor fellow went wrong, and to-night he was simply sodden through sin, principally the drink. After a fearful struggle he got right, and I have mentioned his case in the Registration Room, so that he will be specially helped."

The results of these magnificent gatherings included twenty-eight for salvation, twenty-nine for holiness, while twenty-one promising Candidates were interviewed.

GERMANY.

Our Christmas gatherings have been profitable and blessed.

Commissioner Oliphant's meetings in Berlin were far in advance, in point of numbers, of any previously held.

During Christmas week and the first few days of the New Year thousands of the poorest have been fed, and numbers given warm clothing.

A great banquet to 1,500 poor men, women, and cripples was prepared in Berlin's beautiful Concordia Hall, and the next day a similar "feast" was given to six hundred of the poorest children of the city.

A phonograph and cinematographic entertainment, including brass, string, and vocal music was much relished by this great crowd of "Army guests." German papers have praised this form of "practical Christianity."

Our winter campaign promises to be a pronounced success. Our motto for 1906 is: "Hindurch fur Gott und Seelen!" (Right through for God and souls.)—Sidney Gauntlett, Lieut.-Colonel.

Revival Services at the Temple.

Fourteen Captures.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Brigadier Taylor conducted the services at the Temple on Sunday last. Three very powerful meetings were held, which were well attended. At night every part of the large auditorium was filled. Much conviction was manifested throughout the services and an indescribable prayer meeting followed, in which fourteen men and women came forward to the mercy seat and accepted Christ as their Saviour, amongst them a man and his wife. Before the service was concluded the officers, soldiers, and converts came on to the platform and a ten-minutes' praise meeting was held. Mrs. Pugmire, Mrs. Taylor, Staff-Captains Fraser and Goodwin, Ensign and Mrs. McElheney and others assisted and busied themselves for the salvation of souls, as did the band and soldiers, and God rewarded faith and works. All hail the power of Jesus' name!

Week-End of Blessing at Montreal.

The Chief Secretary visited Montreal on Sunday last, accompanied by the Editor of the War Cry and Brigadier Howell.

The party were divided up among the various corps. The Chief Secretary conducted meetings at Nos. 1 and 11, the latter in the afternoon. Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich at No. IV., and Brigadier Howell at No. I in the afternoon. Eleven souls at No. I was the result of the day's fighting.

On Monday afternoon the Chief Secretary conducted an officers' council, which was full of fire, and much blessing resulted.

At night Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich gave an illustrated lecture on the Indian work in British Columbia. No. I hall was filled with an enthusiastic crowd that evidently enjoyed the account of this fascinating missionary enterprise. Montreal is on the rise all round.

Four Jolly Ranters at Dovercourt.

Twenty-Two Souls at the Mercy Seat.

The Four Jolly Ranters, consisting of Ensign Owen, Capt. DeBow and Mardall, and Cadet Kelly, of T. H. Q., conducted special revival services at Dovercourt on Sunday last. From the holiness meeting in the morning to the hallelujah wind-up at night the Divine presence was manifested. The first meeting resulted in seven precious souls at the mercy seat. Then the old-time ranter meeting in the afternoon was a success from every standpoint, a special feature being the string selections from Capt. DeBow and Mardall and Cadet Kelly. The quartet by the Ranters, "The old-time religion is good enough for me," went with a swing. Capt. DeBow gave a ten-minutes' talk on "A Disappointed Young Man," which resulted in five souls.

Faith ran high for the night meeting. Special singing and music, and then Ensign Owen's subject, "The Clank of the Chain," which took hold of the hearts of the people in a marked manner. About ten o'clock the meeting closed with a hallelujah wind-up. Twenty-two souls for the day. Crowds and finances excellent.—Ranticos.

JAVA.

Brigadier Van Rossum has been able to send officers to four new openings in Java—Poerwardjo, Patie, Raga, Baja, and Semarang.

The comrades appointed to these places have gone forth full of faith to live and work amongst the teeming native population.

The Government have given another expression of their desire to assist our operations by making a present of a rice threshing-machine, worth five hundred guilders, to our Social Institution.

WAR NEWS OF THE TERRITORY

BAY BULL'S ARM. Recently we have had three souls. One came forward on New Year's night and gave herself to God. We pray that she will prove faithful. God came very near in our soldiers' meeting, and blessed our souls in a wonderful way. We are believing for greater times than ever before. The soldiers are in good spirits for this winter campaign. —Mrs. Phebe Reid.

BOWMANVILLE. Things are moving in the right Bloss and Brass. direction. Our Christmas tree and entertainment on Dec. 15th was a great success. The barracks was packed to the doors, and many had to stand. The Oshawa officers, with their brass band, came down for the entertainment, while Ensign Bloss took the chair. Everybody present enjoyed themselves, and said it was the best entertainment ever held in the Salvation Army. At the close we realized over \$20.—N. J. for Capt. Lamb and Lieut. Varnell.

BRANTFORD. Revival spirit Boom All increasing among Round. our dear comrades. We are all going in for soul-saving. Finances away up. Locals are taking hold of their duties in real earnest. Junior work progressing. New system taking hold nicely with the children. They are all in for stars. Good J. S. staff is being formed. Blessed Sunday yesterday, although very cold. Our morning open-air are among the best. Band was out yesterday morning almost in full. Bandmaster Nock is making grand progress with the band, which, under his leadership, is doing nicely spiritually. Special open-air all day yesterday. Cold, bitter morning; twenty on the march, night, fifty on march. Special enrolling of recruits afternoon service. Seven new soldiers made. Three of our first Sunday's converts were among them. Grand soul-saving meeting last night; five out for salvation, three of them hopeful. We are going on. Victory is sure.—Kendall.

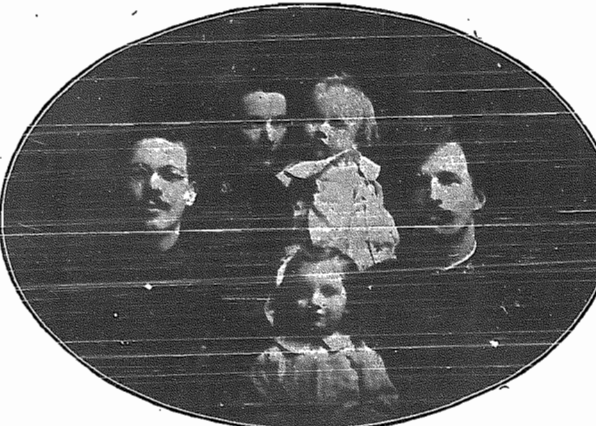
CHARLOTTETOWN. Ensign Anderson has returned to duty, having assisted materially during her furlough. Brother Davis, of Glace Bay, has also been with us, taking Sunday afternoon meeting. Teille Crossman, G.-C., is convalescent after serious illness. The drill girls supplied at Falconwood Hospital Sunday afternoon, with solos and carols, which were greatly enjoyed by about 100 patients. Watchnight service was characterized by hearty singing. Fine interest and much blessing. New Year's night Ensign Andrews put on "Christianity in Six Scenes." News of Alex. Payne's death causes profound sorrow. Two souls.—H.

DESERONTO. God is with us. All day One Prodigal Returns. on Sunday our meetings were times of great blessing. We have been holding cottage prayer meetings of late, and God has come to our help, not only in renewing our own strength, but we have had the joy of seeing one backslider return. Another young man made his way to the feet of Jesus and got gloriously saved. Our soldiers are all on fire for God and souls.—Lieut. Meir.

EXPLOITS.—On New Year's Day we had a wonderful time of blessing in our holiness meeting. It is said that "the people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." Here at Exploits our Ensign fulfills the conditions of knowing his God, and we are confidently expecting that

the promise shall be fulfilled also, and that great things shall be done in the name of the Lord Jesus. The blessing of full consecration to the service of God was faithfully set before the people in the afternoon meeting, and no less than six comrades came out to offer themselves for all that God might require of them. In this way the work has begun at the house of God, and we believe that many who are now convicted shall come fully out on the Lord's side.—E. Walsh, Lieut.

FORTUNE. On Sunday we had a visit A Smash Coming. from our D. O. The meetings were very much enjoyed by all. As the Adjutant spoke on the return of the Prodigal Son many were led to realize their need of returning to the Saviour. The wind was raging on the outside, but God's presence was felt inside. We are praying and believing for a mighty anarchy in the devil's ranks. —Daisy.



Captain Layman.

Mrs. Hahrik and Family

Adj. Hahrik.

GUELPH. Good meetings all day on Sunday; times of power and blessing. Conviction prevailed and one soul yielded. The Watchnight service followed. A good crowd was there, and at the closing moments of the year sixteen came and definitely consecrated themselves to the service of God. We are united for the salvation of the people during the winter campaign.—Correspondent.

GRAVENHURST. On New Year's Day we enrolled three soldiers and held a salvation meeting and song service at Sparrow Lake. After the Watchnight service we woke up the neighborhood with a rousing march. One man brought out a gun, but we were round the corner. Glory to God.—Scottie.

GREENSPOND. We had with us on Saturday night, Nov. 25th, the P. O. Brigadier Glover, who was very interesting. On Sunday we had some lovely meetings. God blessed us abundantly, and although we did not see any visible results, yet God's power was felt. It was something grand to hear him tell of the many things he had witnessed in Australia and other parts of the world. No doubt he has been a blessing to many souls.—One who was there.

HALIFAX. The first week of the year has been a successful one. In each meeting souls were stirred and brought to feel the need of a Saviour. The comrades are taking a deep interest in this special effort. As a result, on Sunday night six wanderers returned home, and three who were strangers to God became acquainted with Him and found peace.—J. M. P.

HEART'S DELIGHT. We are still hard after the devil. On Christmas night, Dec. 25th, we had an enrolment, when two young men who left the devil's ranks a few weeks ago took their stand for God under the good old Army flag. We pray that God's blessing be ever upon those dear comrades. May they be faithful to God and the Army. We are in for

victory. Many of our people are under conviction. God's Spirit is at work.

INGERSOLL. The fire is burning. Soldiers Three Wanderers getting a move on. First week-end visit of Major and Mrs. Creighton, God's Divine presence Return. felt in all the meetings. At night three wanderers came back to the fold. Monday night six out for sanctification.—H. for Capt. and Mrs. Fennay.

LINDSAY. We were favored with specials the A Good Start. last week-end of the Old Year. Ensign Bloss led the meeting on Saturday night. On Sunday afternoon, and at night, we had our esteemed friend, Mrs. Brigadier Howell, with us. One sister came back to God on Sunday morning. We had a good time all day, although we did not see the number kneeling at the cross which we should have liked to have seen. At 11 p.m. we began our Watchnight service. The hall was well filled. It was the largest crowd at Watchnight service here for some time. God came very near as we pledged ourselves afresh to Him for service during 1906. We welcomed the New Year by a rousing march down the main thoroughfare. On Monday night a splendid crowd came to the lantern service, which was very interesting and touching. We mean to be true.—M. and P.

LIPPINCOTT. Adj. and Mrs. Farewell of Knight, after laboring amongst us for Officers. eleven months, have received farewell orders, and last Sunday conducted their final services. Many spoke of blessings received during their period of command, and especially referred to the kindness of manner manifested by the Adjutant to all alike. We shall remember him for his many admirable qualities, and as a man who calmly trusted God through difficulties and trials and discouragements, and kept the flag waving in spite of them all. May God bless their work at Hamilton.

At the close of the meeting three young women knelt at the pentent form to consecrate their lives to the service of Christ. Many souls have started lately for heaven, and are taking their stand and testifying to the keeping power of God. The revival spirit is coming amongst us and we are looking forward to greater times of blessing in the future. Adj. Knott was saying that he never heard of any of us here he hoped the news would be that we were still going ahead in the salvation war.—Fae.

NEWMARKET. Splendid time on Sunday. Excellent crowds. The meeting at 8 p.m. was a stirring time. God, the Holy Spirit, came very near to us all. Four souls. Watchnight service commenced at 11 p.m. Comrades and friends met together to pray the year out and the new one in. Blessed results. One precious soul presented herself to Jesus. To God be all the glory.—A Comrade.

NORTH SYDNEY. On New Year's Eve a Watchnight service was held here. Bro. McDonald and Sister Ford were enrolled as soldiers. The former was converted under Ensign Trickey, in Sydney, and the latter hails from Newfoundland. At midnight we all knelt in silent prayer for the New Year. The new year came in a few moments, and with songs of praise. Then Ensign Ainslie called upon Bro. McVicar, from Glace Bay, to speak. He said it was the wisest thing he had ever done when he got converted and joined the Army. Our old friend, Sergt.-Major Brown, from Halifax, then spoke a few words, telling us that the revelation of Christ to his soul. Then Bro. Pynn, from Jackson's Cove, praised God for the many blessings he had received since his conversion. Our Secretary, Sister Pike, used to attend the Army meetings out of curiosity. One night the Holy Ghost so wonderfully strove with her that she came to the pentent form and got soundly converted. To-day she believes, like many of us, that there is no place like the Army in which to work for God. Bro. McDonald has gained a reputation of being the best Christmas Car boomer in North Sydney.

SPECIAL EVENTS.

Revival Services at the Temple.

Noonday Prayer Meetings and Special Sundays.

A series of special services in connection with the Siege has been started at the Temple. Every day at 12.30 a prayer meeting is held in the Jubilee Hall. Those who attend are much blessed and inspired to fight for God. An invitation is extended to all who are working in the vicinity to attend the meetings. Call in at the Temple and let your petition mingle with those of other lovers of the Lord Jesus who assemble there.

In the evening meetings God has been present and manifested His power to save.

Two souls on Monday night. One took his stand in the open-air on Tuesday night and testified boldly. Four souls in the inside meeting. Ensign Owens spoke pointedly on being prepared to meet God. Staff-Capt. Mantion sang his favorite solo, the chorus of which is as follows—

"Nearer, draw nearer.
"Fill my soul is lost in Thee;
Nearer, draw nearer,
Blessed Lord, to me."

Short prayers and testimonies were fired off in rapid succession from all over the hall, and a desperate sinner rushed to the penitent form to get right with God.

Another rushed out of the meeting, but was so deeply convicted that he had to come back and fling himself at the feet of Christ.

The fire is burning and God is working. Let us keep on praying and believing, and keep the cross of Christ to the front, then God will surely use us.

Christmas in the Klondike.

Free Dinner at Dawson City—Citizens Helped Very Liberally.

Seventy-five people partook of the sumptuous Christmas spread served at the Salvation Army barracks in Dawson yesterday, and baskets or boxes containing twenty to forty-five pounds of foods were sent to thirty or more bachelors and families. A number of the packages are going to the creeks. The Army officers will be glad to get information of anyone in need, and to forward food.

Men, women, and children were in the bumpy throng that sat at the glad feast in the Army barracks yesterday. Adj. and Mrs. Cutsom were given to end of help by people about the city, and there were many to wait on the table and assist in the kitchen. No one went away hungry, and for each and all who participated there was a brighter glow on the horizon of the future and a greater feeling of gratitude, a warmer flow of kindness for mankind, and a greater inspiration of love. Him whose birth was being celebrated throughout the world.

Everything that the market affords contributed toward making the big feast a success. Turkey, chicken, cakes, pies, puddings, vegetables, fruits, candies, nuts, and staples, and luxuries of all kinds were there in a flood. Everything was daintily served, and there was no one who failed to lay on and eat heartily.

The food sent in boxes or baskets to those unable to attend the dinner was uncooked. It was mostly purchased by the Army with a part of the big Christmas purse furnished by the Dawson aerie of Eagles.—Local Newspaper.

New Year in New Ontario.

Brigadier Collier on the War Path.

We commenced the New Year with a Watchnight service at Orillia. We had a splendid time, with a magnificent crowd, and at the close a dear sister, who had turned away from God, came back to the fold. On New Year's night we commissioned about twenty-five locals and enrolled four new soldiers at the Orillia corps. This place is doing A 1 under the leadership of Ensign and Mrs. Hodgdon, and we are looking for a great revival and crowds of people to get saved where we are now having the ones and twos.

The Brigadier left Orillia on the midnight train the next night for New Liskeard, where God still continues to bless Ensign McCann and Capt. Daubreville. We were at this thriving corps for two nights, and while there enrolled five more soldiers, making twenty-one now, and we are only six months old yet. There are more recruits getting ready for another enrollment later on. We have also commissioned nine locals here. This is more than many old corps have. Amongst others were J. S. Sergt-Major and a J. S. Sergeant—the interest of the juniors is being looked after as well. We have a couple of

comrades here who play a violin and guitar, who render valuable assistance in the meetings. We may have a string band soon.

North Bay was the next on the list, where we have just opened a fine new barracks, which reflects great credit on Ensign and Mrs. White, with their comrades, who have worked hard and long, to say nothing about how faithfully they have done so; but as the opening services have been reported by others I must keep off their ground.

The next night after the opening services were moving the Brigadier conducted a Hallelujah Wedding in the new barracks, when Bro. Fellows and Sister Slater, late of Ottawa, were made one. The barracks was literally packed with people, crowds standing round the door. As the Brigadier had to leave the meeting early to catch the train for Toronto, the service was commenced at 7.45. At a few minutes to eight the Brigadier, followed by the bridal party, came to the platform. After the crowd had got settled down, and the 23rd Psalm was read, the Brigadier did the wedding service, the contracting parties responding in no uncertain tones.

This was one of the best weddings it has been the writer's privilege to attend for some time. When we left the barracks for the station Ensign White was busy soliciting donations for the new barracks.—Traveler.

The Chancellor at Petrolia.

Music and Souls.

Major and Mrs. Creighton were present at Petrolia for the week-end, assisted by Brother Horwood, of Lippincott. The weather was not very favorable, but in each of the meetings conducted the crowd was surprising. The spirit of the gathering was all that could be desired.

On Saturday night nineteen local officers were commissioned for 1906, and at the close one knelt at the mercy seat for pardon.

In spite of the icy sidewalks quite a number gathered to knee-drill, and throughout the day each meeting brought a feeling that the next was going to be the best. Major Creighton, Bro. Horwood, and Treas. Mrs. Thompson sang in most of the meetings. The Major soloed on the cornet, "Abide with me." Mrs. Creighton gave some interesting and instructive talks from the Bible. Two knelt at the mercy seat at night and sought forgiveness. The fight was severe, but we conquered. Many more were convicted but would not yield. The size of the marches was an inspiration, and the collections were splendid. We would be glad to have Major and Mrs. Creighton visit us again in the near future.

Special revival services are in hand, and we are believing for some grand results for the Kingdom of our God. Since the Watchnight service special holiness meetings have been conducted, and we have been holding on to God for great strength. This has been the means of uniting our hearts, and stirring up our desires for an outpouring of the Spirit upon us all.—Ensign LeCoeq.



Bandmaster Fernbough, Glace Bay, and Bandman Geddies, New Aberdeen, C.B.

Specials at Guelph.

Visit of Staff-Capt. McLean.

A very successful series of meetings were conducted by Staff-Capt. McLean at our corps. The power and presence of God was unmistakably manifested in every meeting, resulting in the surrendering of many souls.

Sunday Morning's meeting was a real heart-searching time. The Staff-Captain pressed home the vital importance of possessing a clean heart.

In the afternoon meeting we enjoyed a real old-fashioned free-and-easy.

The night meeting was the crowning time; we had a crowded house. The soldiers were full of fire and expectant of good results. Consequently we were not disappointed. The Staff-Captain took for his subject, "What do you intend to do with Christ?" He spoke in a very able and masterly way and in his usual characteristic style drove the question deep into the hearts of ten sinners, who, at the close of the meeting went their way to the Saviour.

The blooper entertainment on Monday was a great success. The hall was crowded and everyone enjoyed the views. It was not only interesting, but inspiring and instructive, especially as regards the great work being accomplished by the Salvation Army in connection with fallen humanity in every land.—James Ryder.

Victoria Progressing.

Christmas and New Year Doings at the B. C. Capital Corps.

It was not necessary to wait for Christmas before beginning a season of cheer and good-will. On the Tuesday night preceding, the soldiers met at the barracks for a special soldiers' meeting that had been widely announced. Capt. and Mrs. Johnstone led, and all present felt the better for coming, but the great surprise came after the meeting, when the doors, leading to the ante-room were thrown open and all invited to enter. Judge our amazement upon seeing a bountiful supper spread, and a handsome wedding-cake in the centre of the table. The whistler soon went round, "Who is it?" But when all were seated Sister Sutton, who stood by her husband at the head of the table, gave the explanation. They had been married just a year, and their hearts going out in love and gratitude to God for saving them in the Army, they had planned this little surprise for their comrades to celebrate their wedding-day. We pray that they may be spared for many years of usefulness under the flag.

The following Friday night the juniors had their Christmas tree. The Captain and Lieut. Wright had been preparing the children for some weeks, and the program was first-class. When Santa Claus at last arrived, everyone looked as though they had spent an enjoyable evening. The presents were soon distributed, and the children of all sizes went home hugging all sorts of parcels.

All the week the Christmas Crays were well boomed. Lieutenants and a few soldiers bombarded Esquimaux one night and sold a large number.

The Sunday meetings were well attended, and we rejoiced to see two sailors in His Majesty's Service seek salvation at night.

The week-end preceding the New Year was not a very successful one, for the younger portion of the population here, and a few soldiers, the Chinese in their zeal for welcoming the New Year. Tin horns, bomba, fire-crackers, and anything else that will make a noise, is used.

Our open-air were well attended, and one dear young girl, who was under conviction for some time, gave God her heart on Sunday afternoon.

The Captain arranged for coffee and sandwiches to be passed around to all who wished to stay in the barracks between the two night meetings.

There was a march and open-air at 10.30 p.m., and Sister Sutton was enrolled at the Watchnight service.

We feel encouraged to look for higher and greater things during 1906.—A. E. T.

YORKVILLE.

Last Sunday, Jan. 14th, was A Red-Letter Day.

It was a red-letter day, the best day of the year. The Lord is revealing Himself in a wonderful way. Ensign Owen, Capt. Marshall and Lieut. Weir were in charge from 11 a.m. till 10 p.m., assisted by Capt. Wear, Lieut. Heron, and ten blood-and-fire Cadets. These meetings were a great power and blessing. The power of the Holy Ghost was very manifest throughout the entire day, and as a result ten souls stepped out of darkness into the light and liberty of the children of God. Praise His name forever. The revival spirit has very much taken hold of the Yorkville corps. Our open-air are immense. Our Sunday morning knee-drill is becoming more and more a source of inspiration and help to all who attend.—J. E. J.

The importance of Little Things.—A good bishop, speaking to his lady's brigade, told them how, in Australia, he had often seen great gashes on the gum trees, and was told that they came from little markings made by the hatchets of early settlers sixty or seventy years before. What may seem to boys and girls very small things will make a mark on their characters for the rest of their lives.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Remarkable Memorial Meetings.

The Funeral Services and Memorial Meeting of Alex. Payne, at St. John's, Nfld.

The sad news of the death of little Alex. Payne was first flashed across from Canada to Newfoundland by cable. On Thursday evening, Jan. 4th, the much-delayed Sydney express brought to St. John's the remains of this glorified young warrior, accompanied by his sorrowing mother, Adj. Mrs. Payne, Adj. Beckstead, and Mrs. Payne's brother, Sergt. Major Rumsey.

The Provincial Officer, together with relatives and city Salvationists, met these dear comrades after their sad and tedious journey.

Prior to the casket being removed to the Citadel, Sunday, Jan. 7th, Brigadier Glover, assisted by the Chancellor and Adj. Williams, held a service in the home of Mrs. Payne, of an exceptionally touching character.

A large procession is formed outside the house, headed by the Citadel band. The streets are lined with people as the march moves onward. The hall afterwards is filled to its utmost capacity. The appearance is the signal for an outburst of weeping. A thrilling service followed, which those present will not soon forget.

Outside the Citadel an exceedingly great crowd is waiting. They make way for the procession as it moves towards the cemetery—a long line of Salvationists and friends. Crowds line the sidewalk, and many hundreds of people follow right to the grave, where the burial service is conducted, a very large gathering witnessing the same.

As expected, the Citadel at night is gorged with people. From start to finish it is one of the most powerful meetings it has been my privilege to attend. The spacious platform is crowded with Salvationists, and they face an immense sea of humanity. Hearts from the start are in a receptive condition. Sergt. Major Rumsey testifies to the saintliness of the life of little Alex. Adj. Beckstead is divinely helped while she again speaks of the holy life of the departed. Staff-Capt. Morris solos "The Homeland," and shortly after Adj. Mrs. Payne rises to her feet amidst breathless silence. It is a brave effort on her part. A moment or two elapse before she can hear her voice. After the first sentence, however, Mrs. Payne controls herself, and while struggling with strong emotions, throughout her remarks is divinely supported. Her utterances are undoubtedly inspired. The audience is affected considerably while they listen to a beautifully-voiced picture of the life of her now-glorified warrior-boy. The Brigadier concludes with a striking appeal. In the prayer meeting a mighty contest went on. Presently a woman walks down the aisle to the mercy seat. She had promised a darling child, two weeks before, to meet her in heaven. The Holy Spirit is in the prayer meeting from start to finish. At its close it is recorded that night she first met with the Lord, though the life and death of our now-glorified little comrade, Alexander Payne—Fry.

A MEMORY OF LITTLE ALEX. PAYNE.

North Sydney.—On Sunday night a very impressive service was held in memory of the late boy preacher, Alex. Payne, whose remains passed through here en route to Newfoundland. Ensign Allan met the bereaved mother, the station, and brought the remains to the quarters, awaiting the salting of the Bruce. Whilst there many friends viewed the lifeless body of the once valiant soldier, who was so much loved by the people of this town. The deepest sympathy is felt for the sorrowing mother, not only by the people of this place, but all through the Maritime Provinces, where the little hero for Jesus was so well known. One night, whilst attending an open-air meeting, he heard a man say, "Oh, there's lots of time yet." This made such an impression on the little fellow that when they returned to the barracks he found the man out and earnestly pleaded with him to give God his heart, saying what is very true, "In the midst of life we are in death." Mrs. Payne very much appreciated the kindness shown her by Ensign Allan and family.—Treas.

A STAUNCH FRIEND OF THE ARMY.

Christmas Day, 1905, in Musgrave town, will be a day to be remembered for some time to come. While some were rejoicing that the time had again rolled round to commemorate the birth of the world's Redeemer, others were mourning the loss of beloved friends. No less than three homes were bereft of the presence of a loved one.

Among others we have to chronicle the death of one of our oldest residents, in the person of Father Steed, who passed away at the ripe old age of 82 years and 10 months. Although he was not a soldier, yet he was a staunch friend of the S. A., and was desirous that after his death he should have an Army funeral.



Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Coulthard, Feversham. Mrs. Coulthard was recently promoted to Glory.

Many a time in our little Army hall his testimony was given, with no uncertain sound, to God's saving power. Now his stat is vacant, both in his home and in the barracks, but the God of all wisdom knew what was best. After a short illness, in which the pains of his body were very severe, his soul took its flight into the presence of his God about noon on Christmas Day.

He was buried with Army honors. To his bereaved family, of which two sons are soldiers, one being the J. S. S.-M. of this corps, we extend our deepest sympathy.—Mrs. Capt. French.

The Middle Ontario Lantern Man.

Northern Tour.

Parry Sound.—Good meetings all day Sunday. Enrolled three recruits. I was pleased to put Father L. Nord in as G. B. M. Agent. He assured me that Parry Sound would not be behind in box-money.

Huntsville.—Here I met an old friend, Adj. Parsons. The barracks was picked. All enjoyed "The Way to Heaven." Bro. Langridge, who was G.B.M. Agent in Toronto has taken up that position in Huntsville now.

Midland.—I found Ensign McNaney holding on alone, but since, I believe, she has a Lieutenant. We did well with the boxes here. Brother M. Church and Sister Browe were in good spirits over their returns.

Collingwood.—We had a splendid time at the lantern service and five souls. Mother Clark was in her glories and very nearly had a dance. She was out nearly all day canvassing for local option.

Meaford needs no hotels, as they have the Georgian Bay to supply them with a drink. Capt. Whales, in spite of her name, is small in stature, met me at the train. We had a small crowd at the barracks, but a large crowd in the open-air.

Owen Sound is twenty-one miles from Meaford. It is a long journey when one has to travel in an open stage on a frosty day. We had a splendid week-end. Six souls. Bruce band to the front for the lantern service. I don't think I ever saw such a large crowd in Owen Sound for a meeting of this character. I am pleased to say we have two Agents here. Bro. H. Walte has charge over the large boxes, while Bro. Wilson is Agent for the small boxes.

Feversham.—After a few miles on the train, I was met by Lieut. Wright. We had a nice cut-rider of thirteen miles and arrived at Feversham. This is the place where people kill you with kindness. We had a fair turnout. Capt. Warren is holding the fort.

Orangeville.—Arriving late, we had not much time to spare, and very shortly the canvas was up and the Illuminated lantern was in operation. Lieutenant Biscoe collected my boxes. Many thanks for the nice purse.

fancy I smell the sweet scent from the English roses in the greenhouse (which is said to be the largest of its kind on the American Continent). Willie Stone was on hand with his smiling face and some money for our Social Work.

Oshawa.—A week-end, please. What a jolly time we had. Ensign Bloss and Bro. Schole sang a Scotch duet on Sunday afternoon. What a beautiful Sunday it was to our souls! Brother Saunders and wife (nee Capt. Thiney) go to church in their uniform at Dryden, there being no Salvation Army up there at present. Sister Carrie Short did exceedingly well with her boxes. Capt. Shepherd and Lieut. Cornelius are doing well, and old Oshawa is on the move in the right direction, winning souls for Christ.—Tee Bee.

WOODSTOCK, N.B. God has been wonderfully blessing us of late; every week there have been souls in the fountain for forgiveness. The only inconvenience we have is our hall, which is not large to accommodate the crowds. People often stand during the meeting, and sometimes are turned away. With Knigh Miller and Capt. Snow at the front, the soldiers are fighting hard, and are determined to be the means in God's hands of winning many souls for heaven.—W. E. Simonson.

HOMESPUN REMEDIES

Here are a few household remedies which are reputed to be of value. At any rate they are worth trying, as they cannot do any harm, which is more than can be said of many of the "patent" medicines now so in vogue.

Hot Salt for Lumbago.—Lumbago is greatly relieved by bandaging a flannel bag of very hot salt round the loins.

To Relieve Earache.—Earache is relieved by roasting an onion and inserting its heart, as hot as possible, gently into the ear, and bandaging with flannel.

For a Sprained Ankle.—Steep the injured ankle at once in hot water to draw out the inflammation. Should the pain be very severe, dip a bag filled with bran in hot vinegar, and apply to the sprain. This will give great relief.

A Turpentine Cure.—For severe stomach-ache wrap a square of house-flannel out of boiling water, fold into a soft pad, lightly sprinkle a small teaspoonful of turpentine over it, and apply as hot as possible. This is also an excellent treatment for chest colds. Headaches can be relieved by applying above to the nape of the neck.

Syrup for Whooping Cough.—For whooping cough an excellent syrup is the following: Slice some onions thinly, sprinkle well with brown sugar, place between two hot plates with a weight on the top. In a couple of hours' time remove the weight, and tilt the plate in a basin so as to allow the juice to flow out. Give a spoonful occasionally.

REMARKABLE ANSWERS.

A well-bred schoolmaster, in an observation lesson on a cat, said, "Every limb or organ is given it for a particular purpose, and so it is with all God's creatures—myself, for instance. What part of my person has not its proper use?"

A solitary hand went up, and the owner exclaimed: "Your whiskers, sir!"

"Rain," wrote one smart boy in a composition exercise, "Comes down from heaven on the just and the unjust, but mostly upon the just, because the unjust have borrowed the umbrellas of the just and have forgotten to return them."

Scripture was ludicrously distorted by a small Londoner, who wrote: "The Parishes was a very tiny, measly lot. One day one of them gave our Lord a penny, and our Lord held it out in His hand and looked at it with scorn, and said, 'Whose subscription is this?'"

But the children are not the only unconscious humorists, as the following examples of letters written to teachers show:

"Sir—I must strictly forbid you to punish Thos. again for anything he does, as we never do so ourselves except in self-defence.—Yours truly —"

And again: "Please, excuse Eliza Brown as her mother is ill with her father's consent.—Yours truly —"

Set Your Affections on Things Above.—We may find a little parable in an event in the history of Cortes, the great Spanish commander. When he and his followers were about to leave the capital of Mexico, in 1520, some of the men, burdened themselves with gold and treasure. "Be careful not to overload yourselves," said Cortes; "he travels safest in the dark night, who travels lightest." But they who paid no heed to this warning were weighed down, and being unable to escape in a terrible slaughter which followed as they crossed a causeway out of the city, they were buried with their gold in the mud.



HEALTHY MINDS

EATING.

One eminent physician has become convinced by experience that suitable foods are nature's remedies for our bodily ills, but he declares that even with such aids to health, the manner in which food and drink are taken into the stomach is of the highest importance. He treats the subject in these words: "Even the wisest selection of food is inoperative as a remedy without due care and deliberation in mastication, and also a proper mental mood for eating." An equally distinguished and credible authority assures us that the quantity rather than the quality of food consumed should be chiefly regarded by health-seekers, his contention being that most people eat far too much.

Doubtless if these two impressive lessons were combined, and if individual selections of food were made according to the good and evil results we have experienced from the different varieties, we really would live well through all the years which nature allotted as the proper span of our existence. To our foods, or to our mode of consuming them, we may safely attribute all ailments save those that are the result of accident, contagion, or inheritance. The highest authorities in medicine and hygiene agree that even ordinary colds will not visit persons whose nourishment has been suitably chosen and partaken of with due deliberation and in the proper quantity. Nature did not intend that we should eat and drink at the same time. No dumb animal does so; and what are we but animals? Possessors of the reasoning faculty, which should be used to keep our souls and bodies from harm? We ought to know, without other suggestion than that made by our innate intelligence, that all liquids, save the natural fluids provided by the glands of the mouth and the coating of the stomach, are adverse to proper digestion, especially when they are imbibed at a low temperature. Of course, water, taken either alone or in some prepared drink, is essential to life, but it should not be mingled with the food if perfect health is craved, because nature directs a separation of the two, and she never errs.

Outside of what we now know to be scientific facts regarding digestion and assimilation, or, perhaps, previous to our acquirement of that intelligence on such subjects which we should possess by instinct, but are at first too self-opinionated to listen to, most of us who have reached mature years have put faith in at least several distinct creeds regarding food and its good and evil possibilities, while some of us are accustomed to originate or follow a new belief annually or even more frequently. Few, if any, of these theories are based upon nature's suggestions, or even upon the individual's own experiences. He tries each one upon himself, quite irrespective of his age, occupation, inborn aptitudes and physical defects, and the result is almost invariably discomfort, the seriousness of which depends upon accompanying circumstances.

Every person born into our civilization is more or less complex. Owing to inheritances of appetite and digestion received from various nationalities, there comes a time when his inclinations regarding food must be trained into his likings, or must surrender and allow his digestive capabilities to determine the nature of his meat and drink, and also the quantity of each to be daily consumed, unless he is willing to risk dropping into the huge army of dyspeptics. In answering the inquiry, "What should we eat?" the words "always" and "never" should be at once disallowed, since reason and judgment would have no opportunity to allow for exceptions or to give due consideration to personal characteristics and circumstances, which have so much to do with our health that they should never be ignored in forming a conclusion. However, there are certain foods which the individual should avoid whenever he can, and others which he should eat as frequently as possible, and the law which governs the selection in his particular case is easily learned and obeyed. It must always be remembered that what is perfectly wholesome in one person, or under some conditions, may be exactly the reverse to other people or under other conditions.

In this respect the mother has the future weal of her children wholly within her keeping, for she deems discipline more important than health, or, at least, gives it first consideration in her rulings, is likely to provide her little ones with such sustenance as is most convenient to herself, and then not to permit any remonstrance from the helpless children, whose instincts are certain to teach them when foods are best suited to their needs, provided they are healthy in body and their cravings have not been perverted by unwise indulgence.

(To be continued.)

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world. If you have anyone going to or coming from abroad, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 25 Albert St.

You can search me for the missing boomers' lists, but I solemnly affirm that I have not received, not hid, or destroyed them; in fact, I have no knowledge about them. I am awfully sorry it is so, but so it is.

Ontario is prompt. Every one of the four Ontario lists is in, making this a strict Ontario and Quebec competition. Not bad, either. West Ontario leads by more than a neck; in fact, it has more names than all the rest put together.



You Can Search Me.

To Montreal belongs the champion boomer, whose name is Mulcahy, the mighty boomer. All honor to him. Mrs. Ward, of W. O. is close up to him, though.

By the way, those two Pattenden sisters are certainly patent boomers—150 each: in the same town is worth doing. I blush with pleasure at such records.

The T. H. P. brings in a baker's dozen boomers. I warrant if all C. O.'s would only send in their boomer's slips there should be as many more heroes known to posterity. Other C. O.'s please note, and do—better.

Your Cousin Johnny.

West Ontario Province. 46 Boomers.

P. S.-M. Mrs. Ward, London	250
Mrs. Teft, Chatham	200
Capt. E. Pattenden, Guelph	150
Capt. L. Pattenden, Guelph	150
Mrs. Matthews, St. Thomas	115
Faith Cooper, Brantford	110
Capt. Fennacy, Ingersoll	110
Capt. Woods, Dresden	100
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	100
Capt. Horwood, Sarnia	100
Mrs. Stratford, Stratford	100
C.-C. Norman, Windsor	90
Capt. Askin, Goderich	85
Lieut. Turner, Palmerston	80
Mrs. Capt. Merritt, Leamington	80
Capt. Thompson, Galt	80
Captain Gibbank, Galt	80
Lieut. Garvide, Goderich	80
Adj. Sims, Windsor	80
Mrs. Ensign Haneock, Simcoe	75
Ensign Jarvis, Woodstock	70
Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia	70
Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia	70
N. McLaughlin, Sarnia	70
Lieut. Morris, Clinton	65
Capt. Kitchen, Strathroy	65
Lieut. Cunningham, Strathroy	65
Lieut. Herrington, Seaforth	64
Capt. Carter, Palmerston	60
Capt. Matler, Wallaceburg	60
Ensign Haneock, Simcoe	60
Adj. Kendall, Brantford	55
Lieut. Stubbs, Hespeler	55
Sergt. Mrs. Deken, London	55
Lieut. Duncan, Forest	50
Mrs. Adj. Walker, Stratford	50
Mrs. Off, Stratford	50
Capt. Hinley, Tillsonburg	50
Sergt. Wymble, Brantford	50
Sister Masterston, Hespeler	50
Mrs. Leder, Ingersoll	50
Capt. Waldroff, Tillsonburg	50
Capt. Kerswell, Kingsville	50
Sister Horton, Ridgeway	50
Capt. Hure, Ridgeway	50

East Ontario Province. 24 Boomers.

F. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal I.	255
	150

Mrs. Adj. Crichton, Ottawa I.	150
Lieut. Meers, Brockville	150
Sergt. Moor, Montreal I.	150
Capt. H. A. Berlis, Ottawa I.	135
Capt. Heater, Ottawa I.	135
P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I.	100

70 and Over.—Lieut. Gowers, Captain Thornton, Morrisburg; Mrs. Staff-Capt. McAmmond, Peterboro; Cadet DuFay, Belleville.

60 and Over.—Capt. Ash, Tweed; Sergt. Stevenson, Peterboro; Capt. Satter, Quebec.

50 and Over.—Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Ensign Bradbury, Campbellford; Sergt. Barber, Adj. Cameron, Kingston; S.-M. Colley, Montreal I.; Lieut. Penn, Kemptville; Mrs. Staff-Capt. Perry, Belleville.

Training Home Province.

13 Boomers.

Capt. Walker, St. Catharines	125
Sergt. Moore, Riverside	120
Lieut. Connelius, Oshawa	90
Bro. Jordan, Lippincott	90
Adj. Knight, Lippincott	75
Ensign Lott, Orangeville	75
Capt. Currell, Uxbridge	63
Mrs. Lucas, Hamilton	60
Mrs. Capt. Walker, St. Catharines	50
Mrs. P. S.-M. Caslake, St. Catharines	50
Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	50
E. Osmond, Lisgar St.	50
Mrs. Adj. Knight, Lippincott	50

New Ontario Division.

5 Boomers Selling over 50 Copies.

P. S.-M. Jones, Huntsville	175
Mrs. Capt. Wadge, Bracebridge	85
Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Orillia	80
Capt. Plant, Barrie	80
P. S.-M. Miles, Barrie	75

Under 50.—Ensign Hoddinott, Orillia; Captain Wadge, Barrie's Falls; Sergt. Herley, Barrie; Capt. Wadge, Bracebridge; Lieut. Peterson, Gore Bay.

A Boomer's Story.

Two business men in a town were hurrying to catch a train. A woman Salvationist, in uniform, crossed the road and hurried along with them. "Will you buy a War Cry, sir?" she said to the foremost one.

"No thanks; I'm going by train."

"It would be something good to read on your journey, sir."

"I don't want it."

But the War Cry seller was not discouraged, although probably disappointed. She folded up the paper and handed it to the gentleman, asking no payment.

"Take it, old chap," said the other, handing the young woman a penny.

"I admire you for your perseverance," he added, looking back at the Salvationist.

That evening the gentleman with the War Cry in his pocket retired to his room in an hotel, and not having anything to do, he pulled out the paper and began to read it curiously. Soon he was engrossed in it, and he read column after column until he had read it from end to end.

That night, in the privacy of his room, the man who had formerly scoffed at religion sought salvation, and on his knees determined that, God helping him, he would henceforth live for eternity.

Through the medium of a friend, the gentleman afterwards informed the War Cry seller what her faithfulness had accomplished.

ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital, 25 Esther St.
Toronto Shelter (Women), 65 Farley Ave.
Toronto Shelter (Children), 215 Yonge St.
London, Ont. Riverview Ave.
Hamilton, 13 Mountain Ave. W.
Ottawa, 348 Daly Ave.
Montreal, Que., 460 Seigneurs St.
Montreal Women's Shelter, 69 1/2 St. Antoine St.
St. John, N.B., 36 St. James St.
Halifax, N.S., 45 Gittingen St.
St. John's, Nfld., 28 Crook St.
Winnipeg, Man., Grace Hospital, 486 Young St.
Calgary, B.C., N.W.T.
Vancouver, B.C., 1334 Pender St.

Note.—No person should be sent to any Home without first having ascertained that they can be received. All communications to be addressed to the Secretary.

SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city for service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to her office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Streets, to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as to take a kindly interest in

Important Announcement.

Women's Tailoring and Dressmaking.

In view of the frequent enquiries for uniform made according to Regulation, the Commissioner has decided that a Ladies' Section shall be opened in connection with our Tailoring Department.

Our dress goods are known as being of a character difficult to obtain elsewhere, as, like our men's serges, these are especially manufactured, in the best mills of England, for the Salvation Army.

We are prepared to take orders for Tailor-made goods, or Dressmaking, and will endeavor to give the best satisfaction. Please state whether Speaker or Blouse Suit is wanted, and whether Tailored or Dressmaking.

Prices and samples sent on application, also Measurement Forms.

Here's Your Chance!

To every purchaser of a Suit of Men's Uniform during the month of February we will give

An Accident Policy for \$500.00 Free,

good for one year, and giving the following benefits:

\$500.00 in case of death sustained by accident while riding in any conveyance or vehicle propelled by steam, electricity, cable, or horse power, and a weekly indemnity of \$5.00 for not exceeding five weeks in case of disability from accidents sustained while riding as above, while cycling, or suffering from typhus, scarlet fever, or small-pox; of \$2.50 a week for five weeks if suffering from typhoid fever or diphtheria, and \$150 if death results from hotel fire.

Certificate provides instant identification in event of accident, sickness, or unconsciousness.

Your Identification Number being on both the Registration Reward Card and the Key Tag, which are supplied with the Policy, keys are returned to the owner without any expense.

SEND ORDERS AT ONCE TO

TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. TEMPLE, TORONTO, ONT.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; better - and, as far as possible, more - rapidly than any other agency. In London, Canada, and elsewhere, we have a large staff of men and women, who are constantly on the alert to receive information of persons who are missing, and to make every effort to locate them. Our office is in London, and we have branches in many other cities. We are now searching for missing persons in the following countries: Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe, India, and the United States. We are now searching for missing persons in the following countries: Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe, India, and the United States. We are now searching for missing persons in the following countries: Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe, India, and the United States.

Second Insertion.

4547. **THORPE**. Would the brother of the above-named deceased, late of George St., Toronto, kindly communicate with the above address.

5233. **CHERRY, ROBERT JAMES**. Age 32 years, height 5ft. 7in., brown hair, fair complexion. Irish. Last heard from two years ago. Last address, Ravelston, B.C.

5236. **CURTIS, HENRY**. Age 40 years, 5ft. 4in., dark moustache and hair, rather stout, was bartender in Calgary about four years ago.

5237. **BOYD, THOMAS A.** Age 31 years, miner. Left Little Bay Mines, Nfld., in 1903 for Sydney. Went from Sydney to British Columbia. Last heard of was in Roseland, B.C.

5230. **NORTHALL, GEORGE**. Age 17 years, very tall, good features, brown eyes, light brown hair. Came from England in May, 1904. May be in Sydney, C.B., or St. John's, Nfld. Electriean.

5219. **BAINES, ALBERT**. Age 34 years, height 5ft. 6in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. When in England was employed as a carman.

Buttered Spanish Onions.—Choose large Spanish onions, peel them carefully so as to remove only the outer thin skin; cut them about an inch off the tops, and with a sharp knife make a large hole in the middle of each onion—carefully remove the hearts of the onions. Fill with the following stuffing: Cut into small square pieces some veal kidneys—others may be used, but veal is preferable—cut also into pieces some parsley and a little suet, mix all together, adding salt, pepper, and cayenne to suit the taste, some mixed herbs, and, if desired, a little curry powder. When the onions are filled the tops may be replaced and secured with a string or little wooden skewers. Put them in a buttered pan and bake slowly, basting with melted butter. When they are thoroughly done remove the strings and serve them on thick slices of toast.



Stains on pudding and pie dishes can be removed by rubbing with powdered whiting, applied with a damp flannel.

To keep cake moist, place an apple in the cake-box; this will keep moderately rich cake moist for a great length of time. Remember to renew the apple when withered.

To revive a faded carpet sweep thoroughly, then wipe over with a clean cloth wrung out of water to which half a teaspoonful of ammonia has been added. This will clean and brighten it wonderfully.

The best plan for cleaning kitchen paint is to boil one pound of bran in a gallon of water for an hour, then wash the paint with bran water, and it will not only be kept clean, but bright and glossy.

Egg stains may be removed from spoons, caused by using them with soft-boiled eggs, by taking a little common salt between the thumb and finger and briskly rubbing the stain, which will soon disappear.

When a baking dish gets burnt in using, it should not be scraped; simply put a little water and ashes in it, and the burnt surface will come off easily without injuring the dish.

Stains on table linen should never be allowed to dry in. Dissolve a little borax in boiling water, strain the stained part of the linen over a bowl and pour on the borax water. Then if the part is ironed the cloth can be used again.

A little lemon juice added after cooking is a great improvement to soups, sauces, and gravies; in fact, lemon juice is a thing that can, with advantage, be used to bring up the flavor in almost any kind of vegetable and meat cooking.

SELECT RECIPES.

Braised Onions.—Boil onions in salted boiling water to which a little milk has been added until they are tender. Then drain, reserving the liquid for making soup, and put the onions into a baking dish in alternate layers with bread crumbs, salt, pepper, and a dash of powdered sugar. Dot each layer of crumbs with bits of butter. Pour over the whole half a cup of milk. Cover the top with crumbs and bits of butter. Bake a light brown and serve very hot.

Fried Apples and Onions.—Take twice as many tart apples as onions. Slice the apples without paring; also slice the onions very fine, and fry together in butter, keeping the pan covered to hold the steam, which will prevent burning. While cooking, sprinkle slightly with sugar to give additional flavor to the dish.



LIEUT.-COLONEL FRIEDRICH

will visit

ORILLIA Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 3, 4, 5.
MIDLAND Tuesday, February 6.

TOUR OF STAFF-CAPT. McLEAN.

Windsor, Feb. 3, 4, 5; Ridgeway, Feb. 6; St. Thomas, Feb. 7; Ingersoll, Feb. 8; Woodstock, Feb. 9; Simcoe, Feb. 10, 11, 12; Norwich, Feb. 13; Tillsonburg, Feb. 14; Paris, Feb. 15; Brantford, Feb. 16, 17, 18, 19; Galt, Feb. 20; Hespler, Feb. 21.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Bloss.—Barrie, Thurs., Fri., Feb. 1, 2; Orillia, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 3, 4, 5; Gravenhurst, Tues., Feb. 6; Huntsville, Wed., Feb. 7; Burk's Falls, Thurs., Feb. 8; New Liskeard, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 10, 11, 12; North Bay, Tues., Wed., Feb. 13, 14; Sturgeon Falls, Thurs., Feb. 15; Sudbury, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 17, 18, 19; Webbwood, Tues., Feb. 20; Soo, Ont., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Feb. 21, 22, 23; Soo, Mich., Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 24, 25, 26; Sturgeon Falls, Wed., Feb. 23.

Ensign Poole.—Thedford, Thurs., Fri., Feb. 1, 2; Forest, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 3, 4, 5; Goderich, Tues., Wed., Feb. 6, 7; Stratford, Thurs., Fri., Feb. 10, 11; Sarnia, Mon., Tues., Feb. 12, 13; Cedarville, Wed., Thurs., Feb. 14, 15; Clinton, Fri., Feb. 16; Wingham, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 17, 18, 19; Listowel, Tues., Wed., Feb. 20, 21; Palmerston, Thurs., Fri., Feb. 22, 23; Ouelph, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 24, 25, 26; Hespler, Tues., Feb. 27; Paris, Wed., Thurs., Feb. 28, March 1.

Ensign Edwards.—Manvers, Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 2, 3, 4; Millbrook, Mon., Feb. 5; Fort Hope, Tues., Wed., Feb. 6, 7; Cobourg, Thurs., Fri., Feb. 8, 9; Trenton, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 10, 11, 12; Picton, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Feb. 13, 14, 15; Belleville, Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 16, 17, 18; Campbellford, Mon., Tues., Wed., Feb. 19, 20, 21; Deseronto, Thurs., Fri., Feb. 22, 23; Nanapan, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 24, 25, 26; Kingston, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Feb. 27, 28, March 1.

Capt. Davey.—New Westminster, Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 2, 3, 4; Victoria, Mon., Tues., Wed., Feb. 5, 6, 7; Vancouver, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 8, 9, 10, 11; Calgary, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 12, 13, 14, 15; Edmonton, Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 16, 17, 18; Wetaskinew, Mon., Tues., Feb. 19, 20; Calgary, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26; Moose Jaw, Sat., Sun., Feb. 27, 28, March 1.

SONGS OF THE WEEK

Competition Set, No. 6.

SELECTED BY MRS. WITHERS, CHESLEY, ONT.

HOLINESS.

Tune.—Anything for Jesus (B.B. 75; S.M. I. 212).

1 Thine forever, Jesus, every hour I live,
All my body, spirit, soul, now to Thee I give,
Every beating pulse of mine, every fleeting breath,
All for Thee, my Jesus, Thine I'll be till death.

Chorus.

All for Thee, Lord Jesus, every breath, life or death,
All for Thee, Lord Jesus, all I speak or do.

All my holy laughter, let it be for Thee,
For the souls of those in sin let my weeping be;
Every thought and every wish to subjection bring,
For Thy holy purpose, Jesus, precious King.

Let me be Thy mouthpiece warning men of hell,
Let me all Thy wondrous love to poor sinners tell;
All the talents I have got, though they be but small,
For Thy blessed service help me use them all.

EXPERIENCE.

Tune.—He's the Lily of the Valley (B.J. 7; S.M. II. 10).

2 I've found a Friend in Jesus, He's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul,
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see.
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll,
He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Chorus.

He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;

He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne,
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower,
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power;
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.

He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear,
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.
Then swooping up to glory to see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever flow.

THE TOUCH OF FAITH.

Tune.—The Cross Now Covers My Sin (B.J. 10; S.M. I. 103).

3 I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love,
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.

Chorus.

The cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the blood,
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me,
Then listen, beloved, He speaketh—
"My peace I will give unto thee."

WAR.

Tune.—The Bell Goes a-Ringing for Sarah.

4 My name is a Salvation Soldier,
I'm fighting for Jesus, my King,
I fight with the sword of the Spirit,
The battle He helps me to win.
"Salvation from sin," is my war cry,
The foe I am certain to rout,
And while to the battle I'm marching,
This, this is the song that I shout—

Chorus.

Oh, it's nice to be fighting for Jesus!
For Jesus, for Jesus!
Oh, it's nice to be fighting for Jesus!
For victory's certain to come.

My Saviour is Lord of the nations,
Jehovah, the Mighty to Save;
He bought with His blood my salvation,
And all my transgressions forgave.
I stand ready armed for the action,
Poor sinners to Jesus I'll bring;
I'm happy in serving my Saviour,
And while in the battle I'll sing—

A little more fighting for Jesus,
A little more trusting His name,
Then off to the bright Golden City,
A crown of rejoicing to gain.
The palm of the victor He'll give me
When I get to the regions so fair,
But until the end of my journey
To all I am going to declare—

SALVATION.

Tune.—Oh, You Must be a Lover (B.B. 24; B.J. 74; S.M. I. 189).

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek your Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.

Chorus.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears your humble sigh;
He hears your softened spirit mourn
When no one else is nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return,
Your Saviour bids you life;
Come to His cross and you will learn
How freely He'll forgive.

DEATH IS COMING.

Tune.—Sinners, Whither (B.B. 17; S.M. I. 352).

6 Sinners, whither will you wander,
Whither will you stray?
Oh, remember life is slender,
'Tis but a short stay.

Chorus.

Death is coming coming, coming, and the Judgment Day;
Hasten sinner hasten sinner, seek the narrow way.

Satan has resolved to have you
For his lawful prey;
Jesus Christ has died to save you;
Haste, oh, haste away.

Listen to the invitation,
While He's crying, come.
If you miss this great salvation
Hell will be your doom.

Soon you'll see the Lord descending
On His Great White Throne;
Saints and sinners all attending
To receive their doom.

Would you 'scape the awful sentence,
From destruction flee?
Seek the Lord, by true repentance,
Haste to Calvary.

GET READY!

Tune.—The Blast of the Trumpet (B.B. 20; S.M. I. 109).

7 The blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill,
Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and hill.

Chorus.

When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds,
Come, come away!
Oh, may we be ready to hail that glad day.

The earth and the waters shall yield up their dead,
And the saved ones with joy shall awake from their bed.

The shouts of the angels will burst from the skies,
And blend with the shouts of the saints as they rise.

The cry of the lost ones, their groans of despair,
And loud hallelujahs will meet in the air.

Acknowledged by Jesus, confessed as His own,
Transported to glory, we'll sit on His throne.

Oh, land of the holy, the happy, and free,
In Jesus thy portals are open to me.

A SOLO.

8 On a cold winter's eve, when the snow was fast falling,
In a poor, humble cottage a dear mother lay;
Although racked with pain, she lay there quite contented
With Christ as her Friend, and her peace with Him made.

Chorus.

We shall all meet again on that great Judgment Morning,
The books will be opened, your name will be called.
Oh, how sad it will be if for ever we're parted,
And shut out of heaven for not loving God.

That mother of your's has passed over death's river.
You promised you'd meet her as you knelt by her side,
As the death-sweat rolled from her and fell on the pillow;
Her memory's still speaking, although 'she is dead.

My brother, my sister, get ready to meet her.
The life you are living is fast passing away;
And the life that's to come is for ever and ever.
May we meet ne'er to part on that great Judgment Day.

COLONEL KYLE,
CHIEF SECRETARY,

will visit

LISGAR STREET Thursday, Feb. 1
(Mrs. Kyle will accompany the Colonel.)
HAMILTON II. Saturday, Feb. 3
HAMILTON I. Sunday, Feb. 4